The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1922 NUMBER 391

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The Week

EVEN the best friends of the Genoa Conference are obliged to admit that it failed to accomplish the results in positive and specific agreements which Mr. Lloyd George planned. In his preliminary arrangements for the Conference he sacrificed the idea of dealing constructively with the future of Germany in the hope of obtaining an agreement with Russia and general consent to a non-aggression compact. But the agreement with Russia is confined to an arrangement to continue an apparently futile discussion and the truce runs only for a few months. These meagre results are equivalent to the failure of the Conference as a legislative body, but it might have failed in immediate achievement while at the same time it might have succeeded through the agency of frank discussion in preparing the way for future legislation. In our opinion, however, it has not succeeded in awakening and illuminating public opinion any more than it did in reaching legislative agreements. The average man, as a result of Mr. George's speeches and of the newspaper accounts of the Conference, does not know whether to blame the Russians or the French for the failure; and when the new conference assembles at The Hague his judgment will be as confused and as indecisive as it was on the first of April. The possibility of really fruitful international legislation in the near future depends chiefly upon the course of domestic politics during the next few months in Germany, Russia, France and Great Britain. The only way in which public opinion can now be aroused to the dangers and calamities which threaten the world is by means of the fall of governments and the threat of political and social convulsions.

PREMIER POINCARÉ is needlessly disturbed over the propaganda being carried on in America for the independence of Alsace-Lorraine. Very few Americans had heard of such a propaganda before M. Poincaré called attention to it. So far as we know, all that it amounts to is the circulation of a few badly composed pamphlets whose destination, as a rule, is the editorial waste basket. Most Americans assume that the question of Alsace-Lorraine was definitely settled by the war and will remain settled unless France is so unwise as to isolate herself morally from her former allies and open the way to a coalition against her. There are Americans who believe that a much wiser settlement would have been the independence and neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine. The reasons for it are of the same order as those which led to the erection of Belgium into a separate state. But this is a belief of long standing. It was held to long before the war, when nobody could have charged it to German propaganda. If German propaganda wants material, it will find enough in the general militaristic and imperialistic policies of Premier Poincaré, without bothering about so abstract an issue as the neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine.

AMERICAN politics remains a closed book to most Europeans, even highly intelligent ones. We recall the general disappointment over our failure to join in the Genoa Conference, at the time when it seemed possible that the Conference might take

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up the economic problems of Europe. An economic conference with the nation possessing most of the world's gold and credit left out—what an absurdity! The tacit assumption was that if we were represented in the Conference our gold and credit would be represented there. Not even the British seemed to understand that whatever the outcome of the Conference the United States government would not lend one dollar to any European state, or associate itself in any way with the financing of Europe. Nor was it understood that the United States government exerts no power over private finance which would enable it indirectly to extend loans to European countries. The American view of an international conference is an amiable gathering where responsible representatives assemble for the exchange of advice. We can help with anything in Europe that can be helped by good advice.

GOOD advice is the contribution our government wishes to make to the Russian question. At the proposed Hague Conference the question under discussion will be, "What must Russia do to secure the credits she needs to set the machinery of trade in motion?" The credit giving nations will make terms which Russia may take or leave, but will take if they are not too onerous. The Washington conception of the agenda is somewhat different. It is that the question to be discussed is, "What must Russia do to be saved?" We are willing to contribute our views of that question. But that is all we would contribute, in any circumstances. Were Russia even to restore the Romanoffs, our administration would be unable to find a dollar, public or private to lend them. This we think Mr. Hughes ought to make plain in a public proclamation. Then if practical foreigners want us to take part in conferences, they will know exactly what can be expected of us.

REPUBLICAN politicians throughout the country are bothered by the nomination of Gifford Pinchot as Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania less because he ran as an anti-machine candidate than because of the amount and the kind of support which he obtained from Republican women. These women contributed decisively to Mr. Pinchot's success in two ways. In the first place a sufficient number of them worked hard and enthusiastically on behalf of their candidate's nomination, using for the most part the method of house to house canvassing which was so successful in the New York suffrage campaign. But what was even more important they managed to endow Mr. Pinchot with a halo of Republican respectability which he could never have obtained from his male Republican supporters. In this respect the aggressive tactics of Mrs. Barclay Warburton were most effective. She is vice-chairman of the Republican State Committee; and by supporting Mr. Pinchot openly and uncompromisingly she prevented many timid Republican voters of both sexes from being frightened into supporting the machine candidate. The machines of both parties will find the woman voter an incalculable factor in political results which will, we hope, compel them to "pander" to what they take to be the better element in party opinion.

A FAMOUS university was the scene a few months ago of a disgraceful "free speech" fight—disgraceful in that it should never have been allowed to take place. After a stormy period of combat between students and president the matter was apparently patched up. The president issued a magniloquent and rather meaningless statement which concealed future intentions in a cloud of words and partially placated without really satisfying the outraged student body. The matter dropped out of the newspaper headlines and the public attention; seemingly it was all over. But such sorry incidents as this leave deep scars. A few days ago the announcement was made that a brilliant member of the faculty of this university had accepted a post at another institution. He had played no part, officially, in the incident referred to; yet it is within the bounds of reasonable conjecture to assume that the episode had some influence in causing him to relinquish a post which in the past, because of the unequalled opportunity for research work and the high standing of the department has been regarded among men in his science as one of the two or three most desirable places in the country. Those qualities of mind and spirit which make a man a good teacher are incompatible with the atmosphere created in any institution when it is a known, admitted fact that arbitrary limits have been placed upon freedom of discussion. Good instructors—all too few at best—will not long remain in voluntary submission to such conditions. Neither will young men of the strength of character which makes them the most valuable students matriculate where there is danger that they will become mental incubator babies. The college president who elects a policy of censorship and suppression, either in a moment of madness or as a deliberate routine, may win the approval of a few rich men who will build for him marble halls; but in the end these must become no more than the handsome sarcophagus for a spirit that is dead.

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IN theory Mr. Hoover is an ardent individualist. In practice he employs common sense. By individualistic theory the fortunate possessors of stocks of coal or of mines which continue to operate ought to reap a harvest of high prices while the strike lasts. Have they not a right to do as they will with their own? Or refine the theory further: Would not the high profits they might earn induce men, on the eve of the next crisis, to accumulate stocks and arrange to run mines, and so ease off the next shortage? That is the view Mr. Hoover ought to take, if he were to stick to his theory. But he doesn't look at it in that way. He sees a lot of consumers in a panic, as ready to be plucked as the traditional rustic at the circus. And he judges that no social end of great value will be subserved by transferring their cash to the coal trade. Accordingly he calls the representatives of the trade together and makes them agree to a non-profiteering policy. And they dare not even murmur, at a time when they need public opinion on their side. That is, they dare not murmur in public. In private they are no doubt demonstrating to their own satisfaction that Hoover and Lenin make a typical illustration of a distinction without a difference.

WHEN American politicians have at last learned that the employers alone do not adequately represent an industry, such affairs as the President's recent dinner to the railway executives will be felt to be out of place. The shippers are clamoring for reduced rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission is inclined to reduce them. Very properly, the President desired to hear what the industry had to say about it. But very improperly, he heard only the employers, whose view, it is rumored and might easily be surmised, is that if rates were to be reduced wages also must come down. That may be a sound position, but its soundness would have been better established if representatives of the workers had been there to challenge it. Such informal conferences may have no direct influence upon administration or legislation, but indirectly they are important enough so that scrupulous fairness ought to be exercised in their organization. The President is the servant of all the people, not of the employing class alone. It is his business, so far as he can, to get employers and employees to working together for the common good. Partisan conferences work inevitably in the reverse direction.

WE have received a letter from Frank Westerlund, one of the hundred I. W. W.'s thrown into a common basket and convicted on charges of obstructing the war and the draft acts. He states, and we believe truthfully, that no evidence was introduced at his trial showing that he had spoken or written anything against the war or the war legislation. He states that he has never advocated violence at any time, and does not believe in it. He has been a hard working man all his life, and since his arrival in this country from Finland in 1902 he has worked in the lumber and railroad industries in Minnesota. He was a member of the I. W. W., the prevalent labor organization in that section, and served it as organizer. Because that organization proclaimed doctrines that were held to be seditious its officers and organizers were assumed to be engaged in advocating such doctrines and were found guilty accordingly, just as if Americans were in the habit of taking seriously every item in the preambles and constitutions of organizations to which they adhere. On the strength of that assumption Frank Westerlund is serving a five year term in the federal penitentiary and his wife and crippled child are struggling with bitter poverty. Such things drag on indefinitely right here in America, although they are remediable by a stroke of President Harding's pen, while Mr. Hughes talks smugly about the rights of free labor in Russia.

SOMEHOW or other the union has omitted to call on strike Henry Ford's miners in Kentucky. When Ford bought the Banner Fork mines the local union went into a flurry; did the new management mean a fight? And then a visit took place; it was the new manager who called on the union. Did the men have any grievances? They had; among others, that there was no place for the union to meet, except in the schoolhouse which was company owned. "Meet in the schoolhouse," said the new management; "next grievance?" Later, wage-cutting began in the Kentucky coal fields; at Banner Fork there was another visit. Mr. Ford came and crawled around in the dark and bumped his head on his coal and at the day's end he made the men a speech at the mine mouth. About wages. He said their wages needed readjustment. Coal digging seemed to him to be harder, messier, more dangerous than the jobs in his auto factory; his miners' wages, he thought, ought to be a little more than his factory rates. Readjustments followed; upwards. "Banner Fork mines pay $3 more on the day than any other mines in this district," writes President Keller of United Mine Workers District 19, "and Ford sells his coal for 50c less on the ton." And somehow or other—

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Hoover and Russian Economics

> Property rights are not a fetish; they are an instrument of industry and commerce and are as indispensable as ships. Unless there can be assurance of the security of these rights of foreigners, there can be no processes of exchange of goods or investment of savings.—*Herbert Hoover, address before Chamber of Commerce, Washington, May* 15.

TO be sure, property rights as such are not a fetish. Few fetishes are such, purely and simply. It is the application of a fact, real and potent in its proper sphere, to the explanation of all sorts of unrelated things, or still worse, its uncritical application as a principle of policy, that makes a fetish. Everyone who has a grain of common sense knows that traders will not carry goods into Russia simply to be despoiled of them. The trader must be secure in the possession of those goods until he has exchanged them for goods or other objects of value which he can count upon transferring in safety to his domicile. Practical security we mean, not absolute; for there is no absolute security in commerce across national boundaries. Before the war German nationals in America thought they were secure in their property rights. We were at peace with Germany, and it looked improbable that we could ever go to war with her. We had, moreover, a treaty with Prussia, taken over by the German Empire, by the terms of which even in the event of war German nationals in this country engaged in peaceful pursuits should be undisturbed in their property. But after we went to war we seized such property, liquidated it at ruthless sacrifice of values, and are still holding the proceeds. We cannot ask Russia to give us better secured property rights than we can give Russia or than we gave Germany.

The trader must expect to suffer losses in war; in peace he may properly demand security of property rights. Does Russia accord such rights today? One might reasonably infer from Mr. Hoover's remarks that in Russia nothing in the nature of property rights is recognized. But that would be an erroneous inference.

The tiller of the soil is by governmental decree vested with life possession of his holding. Is that not an extensive property right in a country where nine-tenths of the national production is agricultural? The farmer pays as a tax part of his product, and not an excessive part. The rest he can exchange with other private persons for anything he can get, rubles or industrial products as he chooses. And he will not be disturbed in the possession of the goods he receives in the course of exchange. There is another considerable body of property rights. A third body of property rights consists of the concessions for operating factories and exploiting natural resources that the Soviet government is granting to its nationals and to foreigners. Finally, there are the promises of the Soviet government to pay some part of the old Russian debt, and to make payment for imports bought on credit.

On paper, then, the body of property rights in Russia is already extensive. It will be said that these rights are far less extensive in fact. No mere official recognition gives the assurance traders require. The life tenure of the Russian peasant may be no more permanent than the government that created it. The possession of movable goods which it is permitted to exchange, or which are acquired in exchange, can be assured only by political stability and social order. The concessions and the promises of the government to pay derive whatever security they have from the probable permanence of the Soviet government.

The peasant could well afford to improve his holding and produce a surplus of grain for local exchange or export, if he were certain that the present régime would last. The foreign trader could afford to send a modest volume of goods into Russia, if he had this certainty. He could pick up a good many things for export, if he had a competent personnel on the ground. The foreign capitalist could afford to operate Russian concessions. But in each case the deterrent influence is the doubt as to the stability of the Soviet government. That government might go much farther in acknowledging property rights. It might permit its nationals and aliens alike to hold land in perpetuity; it might offer to denationalize the railways, to assume all foreign obligations of the old Russia, public and private. All that would mean nothing to commerce, so long as the stability of the Soviet government was not improved by it.

Now, does Mr. Hoover assume that the stability of the Soviet government would be increased by an extension of property rights obliterating all the economic results of the revolution? That would indeed be to make a fetish out of property rights. To acknowledge all the old rights of foreigners, unless it were a mere matter of form, would be to undertake to expropriate the peasants with holdings carved out of alien owned estates. That would transform the present tolerance of the peasants for the Soviet government into active hostility. To restore nationalized factories to their foreign owners as private property would knock the props out from under the communistic party on which the Soviet government depends for its existence. The assumption of the whole vast volume of pre-war and war obligations of Russia, public and private, if it were more than a mere form, would involve still heavier tithes levied upon the peasantry, a policy that would certainly not improve the chances of the Soviet government's surviving.

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The only thing that the Soviet government can do, in order to meet Mr. Hoover's wishes, is to fall. What then? Has Mr. Hoover or anyone else a promising substitute for the Soviet government, which cannot only officially recognize property rights, but actually protect them? We believe not. The old governing machine is hopelessly shattered. The most abject mujik has forgotten the Little Father. Next in line of succession to the Bolsheviki are the Social Revolutionaries, who have even less respect for property rights, and behind them stand the anarchists.

As Mr. Hoover says, the hope of the Russian people is evolution, not revolution. Evolution, we may add, through the present régime, not around it by way of its overthrow. Evolution not through fetishes and official formulae, but through the building up of relations of mutual advantage between Russia and the outside world. The building up of such relations will be difficult at best. That is no reason why Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes should endeavor to increase the obstacles to be surmounted, even if, as Mr. Hoover maintains, Russian recovery is of no importance to America.

And they are in fact increasing the obstacles. By their ignoring of the fact that the property rights most essential to trade are already accorded, and by their fetishistic insistence upon further property rights which no Russian government in the present juncture can grant and still survive, they are supporting the reactionary policy of France against the common sense policy of England, Italy and Germany. If they were anything but pawns in the game of European diplomacy, their policy might well prove disastrous. As it is they will no doubt delay somewhat any intelligent disposition of the Russian problem. That problem will be settled in the end according to an economics more rational if less cold than that of Mr. Hoover.

Progressivism in Pennsylvania

THE nomination of Mr. Gifford Pinchot as Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania means a good deal more than the nomination of Mr. Albert J. Beveridge as Republican candidate for senator for Indiana. Mr. Pinchot went into the primaries in order to challenge the ascendancy of the Republican bosses in the politics of Pennsylvania. It was a courageous act. The Republican organization of Pennsylvania is the most powerful and unscrupulous political machine in the country. To contest its power seemed as hopeless as it was courageous. Mr. Pinchot had already tested its strength when in 1916 he ran against Penrose in the senatorial primaries and was decisively beaten. But Penrose was dead. The machine was weakened by internal dissensions. The better public opinion of the state was disgusted and angered by its recent behavior. Above all the enfranchisement of the women voters introduced a novel factor into the kind of campaign for better politics which Mr. Pinchot proposed to wage. So he tossed his hat into the ring. He fought hard and fair and he succeeded. But he succeeded only by a very narrow margin; and as we point out elsewhere it was the women voters who made his success possible. His victory is one of the first clearly decipherable results of the exercise of power by women in American politics.

His nomination is interpreted as a triumph for progressivism. So it is in the sense that Mr. Pinchot himself is a man of progressive convictions in relation to domestic issues and that his nomination is a clear indication of popular dissatisfaction with the kind of government which the reactionary Republican machine is inflicting on Pennsylvania and on the nation. But while this dissatisfaction is widespread and genuine, there is no indication as yet that it is progressive. Mr. Pinchot did not run on what his associates in the Bull Moose party ten years ago would have called a progressive platform. He did not insist upon any of the specific proposals for political and economic reconstruction on behalf of which the Progressives used to fight. He asked the Republican electors of Pennsylvania to vote for him, because he would give them a clean and square government, not because he would try to introduce fundamental changes into the political and economic policy of the state. His victory is reminiscent of the many similar victories won by good reformers in state and municipal elections between 1880 and 1910. These reformers were frequently elected but they always found themselves surrounded after their election by party associates in the legislature and in the public offices whose chief object was to discredit reform. The Old Guard could not entirely prevent the elimination of superficial abuses, but it always succeeded in wearing the reformers down and in later recovering its power substantially intact.

It was the futility of these agitations for good government, as long as the voters' choice was restricted to selecting either a Republican or a Democrat, which ten years ago convinced so many progressives of the need of forming a Progressive party. The Progressive party which actually came into existence was not very much more than a miscellaneous collection of middle class reformers, but its members did at least mean to be progres-

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sive. They realized the difficulty of eradicating American political and economic abuses by electing to office loyal partisan candidates who promised the voters to be perfectly pure but at the same time perfectly Republican. They failed, but if their progressive attitude was of real importance, their method was sound. Progressivism will never become a positive force in American politics until focussed in a program and sustained by a party organization.

Mr. Pinchot's victory in the Pennsylvania primaries, encouraging and creditable as it is, is not in itself an indication of a progressive revival. It is an indication of restlessness in American public opinion. As we pointed out in commenting on Mr. Beveridge's nomination, the average intelligent American whose vote indicates a more or less significant state of mind is dissatisfied and troubled. He has a hunch that important changes are pending; but he rather dreads them and he has no conviction about what he wishes them to be or what they are going to be. Although he is ready to march in the sense that he is dislocated, his dislocation does not as yet amount to much more than an inclination to shift from one uncomfortable position into another. He does not know where he wants to go, and if some busybody pushes him in any direction he instinctively resists. He is ready to resist even reaction, which is all that he has to resist at the present time. But he cannot by any legitimate stretching of the word be called progressive. For he lacks both the disposition and knowledge to progress in any pre-conceived direction. He or she is merely an example of uneasy inertia.

Yet Mr. Pinchot's election can be made to serve the cause of progressivism. There are in Pennsylvania a small minority who understand the futility of fighting the machine without trying to eradicate the worst of the political and economic abuses which flourish more luxuriantly in that state than in any other part in the union. It will be their business to encourage, to urge and to press Mr. Pinchot, when he becomes governor, to lead a fight against some of the economic privileges and political malpractices which underlie the power of the machine. It is not an accident that the state which produces such a large proportion of the coal and steel supply of the country should also be the state in which the Republican bosses are most powerful, most unscrupulous and most corrupt. They are the agents whom the big industry of the state has used in order to exercise control over its government, and the control which they have obtained is more complete and more shameless than it is in any but the most barbarous countries. It is used, as our recent article on Somerset County illustrated, frankly and flagrantly to promote class purposes. In the event of any attempt to unionize these industries the management can count upon the assistance of the state police, the municipal and state officials and usually of the courts. And the ordinary public opinion in Pennsylvania is so accustomed to this legalized violence and to this repudiation of the essential principle of a law-abiding democracy that it is callous to the danger and wrong of allowing the police power of the state to be used for the purpose of preventing wage-earners from organizing and asserting their collective interests.

The persistent agitation of this abuse offers an excellent opportunity of converting Mr. Pinchot's nomination and election into grist for the mill of American industrial progress. Mr. Pinchot is an honorable gentleman, who is gifted with lively and sincere popular sympathies. He has promised all classes in Pennsylvania a square deal within the limits of his effective legal power as chief executive. The wage-earners of the state who believe in unionism are not allowed to exercise their ordinary legal rights to assembly, to joint consultation and to collective action for the promotion of their common interests. The state administration, instead of protecting them in the exercise of these rights, has usually assisted their class opponents in the task of suppression. If any people were ever denied a square deal, it is these isolated and terrorized workmen. When he becomes governor Mr. Pinchot cannot refuse to give the Roosevelt formula a vigorous specific application to their wrongs. In relation to this clear case of legal and administrative favoritism the distinction between the duty of a good government Republican and a progressive should vanish. Neither can honestly submit to such a violation of fundamental right.

If the issue is put up to Mr. Pinchot and the abuse proved he will not shirk it, and once he undertakes to remedy this injustice he can hardly drop the fight until he is finally successful or finally beaten. He would be undertaking a fight on behalf of the essential principles of American democracy as the best Americans have understood them. He would seek to restore the state government of Pennsylvania to its original function of representing equally and fairly all classes in the community. Should the present conspiracy between the management of the big industries and the political machine to exterminate unionism and to provoke unionists to violence continue unchecked, the commonwealth of Pennsylvania will be finally rent in twain by a vindictive and destructive class war. Assuming that he sincerely intends to reform the government of the state and undermine the power of the bosses, he can go effectively about it only by undermining the power and attacking the excesses of the business interests who provide the chief support of the power of the machine.

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Leadership from Labor

THE proposal for helping the economic regeneration of Russia, put forward by President Sidney Hillman at the Fifth Biennial Convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and endorsed with deep emotion by the convention, is striking in itself. More than that, it is symbolic of the spirit that has distinguished this union from most other labor organizations in America.

The terms of the proposal are simple. An American company is to be formed, with capital stock of not less than a million dollars. This stock, at $10 a share, is to be sold to unions and individuals—provision being taken against a controlling interest falling into the hands of large owners. To this company the Russian government will grant concessions to operate certain clothing and textile factories in Russia. The American company will furnish not only the capital, but the technical direction. Control of the management is to be vested in a Central Board, composed of representatives of the company and of the Russian government, both parties having equal voting power. Thus the Russians furnish what they have —plants, equipment, raw materials, labor; and Americans furnish what we have—money capital upon which credit can be based, and technical skill.

The chief difference between this and other concessions to capital owners is that in this plan no threat to Russian autonomy is involved, and the profits are limited, all earnings over ten percent to be devoted to extension of the enterprise. If the experiment succeeds, it will be carried further in these industries, and indefinitely into other industries. If it fails, the Russian government guarantees to return the American investment.

The chances of success are considered good. Mr. Hillman has inspected the plants first to be turned over. The clothing shops employ about 6,000 operatives, and the textile mills are worth between two and one-half and five million dollars. They are going concerns, well equipped. They are turning out good clothing, according to his report, and are working under an efficient system. The Russian government guarantees preference in orders for the product, in supplies of raw material, and in export trade. Before operations are begun, a technical staff will be sent from America to survey the ground thoroughly.

Such is the proposal by which those in America who are sympathetic with the Russian people's struggles against reaction and for bread, and who see the universal danger from contagious economic breakdown, may help them to help themselves. Since the paralysis of Eastern Europe resulting from the war, the world has been full of words and protests—protests against the policies of the Soviet government, and protests against those who were opposing Russian self-determination. But by words the economic breakdown was not repaired. At length millions of people began to starve. Americans have sent food, but such necessary charity does not bring permanent relief. Governments and bankers have refused to reopen the channels of economic life except on conditions which would subject the future labor of the Russian people to an impossible diversion of its product. Now, as Mr. Hillman said, there is not only the immediate necessity for help, but a new danger. In the name of reconstruction, if we leave reconstruction to the same small groups who made the war and the peace, "we shall get some new high-sounding phraseology, we shall get some new formulas which when brought down to earth will result in one part of the world trying to choke the other. When that happens, there will be very little in the world worth living for. It is up to the people in this country, as well as in every other country, to rise and say that the reconstruction of the world is not merely a matter for the officers of the State Department, but that the lives of millions and millions of men and women and children are the concern of all peoples." Therefore Mr. Hillman brings to the Amalgamated the suggestion of a practical way by which Americans may give the Russian people the help they need without waiting for the bankers to do it for them —on the bankers' own terms.

It would be easy to say, and undoubtedly it will be said, that the making and acceptance of the proposal was due to adherence to "Bolshevism" on the part of a union often accused of being "radical." Those who heard the speech of the President and the comments of the delegates can testify that such an interpretation is grotesque. There is no doubt that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is a radical union, if by radicalism we mean not a stereotyped set of principles, but a disposition to get at the roots of living things and to put the interests of all human beings everywhere, now and in the future, above the interests of those few who happen to own the most property. The enthusiasm with which the convention endorsed the Russian proposal was evidence of that type of radicalism, not of loyalty to a revolutionary formula.

And it was evidence, too, of something further. During the past three years most of these delegates have listened to many fine speeches on Russia. They have passed resolutions, have signed

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petitions, and have given money. The subject is a tarnished one to them, incapable in itself of arousing more than a perfunctory habitual response. Nor was the emotion which tightened upon the delegates during Mr. Hillman's appeal, and which turned the convention into a noisy festival for half an hour afterwards, a mere tribute to the sincerity and force of the speaker. It was, more than anything else, the sense of relief and power which comes to those whose best impulses have often led them into blind alleys and empty spaces, and who suddenly are given a means by which they can grasp reality and mould it. It harmonized with their loyalty to their union, which is not only radical in intention, but effective in accomplishment.

Probably no one has ever expressed the spirit of the Amalgamated better than Sidney Hillman in a few passages in this speech. They embodied its aim, its leadership, its method. "When our organization gets down and accounts for itself to our own members and to the labor movement of the world, the real question after all will be, 'Have we helped the constructive forces that are making for a better future, or are we just a fine group of sentimentalists?' . . . Unless you have the courage and the sense to put people in charge of the organization who will have the courage and the sense to take charge of the organization, the organization is going to pay the penalty. There is no patent medicine, right, left, centre or any other kind. It takes men and women to build an organization and not abstract theories. It takes warm hearts to maintain ideals, and not phraseology. . . . Conditions will rise dictated by life, and not by the theories of a few dreamers, and it is much more important to have a proper policy than a great deal of noise. Policies, if sound, have a habit of accumulating more and more strength as they go along. . . . Labor understands its mission, in Russia, and its mission in life is to build. The idea of sabotage, the idea that it is the purpose of labor to see how little it can do, is not found there. . . . We men and women in the clothing industry have said to ourselves, 'We want to find out what is right, what is our duty, where our responsibility lies, and then go ahead and let the future justify our undertakings.' If it had not been for a few people, we would today be living in the jungle. It was due to the rebellious spirit of a few that we made progress. There are some people who are great rebels, although they are of a quiet disposition, although they do not indulge in high phraseology. They stand for and do the things that carry the human race a step forward, and they are greater than those who have all kinds of prescriptions and know how to lead us overnight to the ultimate goal. It is to the credit of our organization that we have always paid attention to what seemed right and have been willing to await the judgment of time. . . . I hope that you will send a new message to the world that we of labor assume newer responsibility to help in the reconstruction of the world, so that civilization may be saved for labor and everybody alike."

Demoralized Schools

THE hope for the Lusk laws on the part of one hundred percent Luskers was to keep the law dormant. The public might then have been deceived into thinking it a negligible dead letter, while progressive teachers would have been kept living under a constant menace of fear and suspicion. Reactionaries may always be trusted to overdo their business, however; this certainty is one of the chief causes of the damning revival of liberalism.

This time the reactionaries have put their foot in it by inducing the State Commissioner of Education, Mr. Graves, to appoint a Committee of Five to give an extra-judicial "trial" to teachers who might be suspect under the law. In order to leave no doubt as to the animus with which the Committee is charged, Mr. Archibald Stevenson, the Secretary of the Lusk Committee, appropriately appears as a member of the Committee. If evidence were wanted of traditional Tory stupidity, it is found in the public reception of the news of this move. Newspapers have given it first page head-lines; instead of its being hailed, as it might have been two years ago, as a proof of alert patriotic Americanism the coloring of even the news reports is tinted with resentful surprise. Editorially the scheme has met with forthright denunciation from such papers as the World and Globe. The Tory is never a good judge of popular psychology and the chief public effect of the blunder will be to give a marked stimulus to the movement for the repeal of the Lusk laws.

So far liberals may hail the attempt with judiciously disguised glee. But unfortunately the move has other phases than its effect upon public opinion. It is a manifestation of the disorganization of public education which has followed the attempts of the reactionaries to use the aftermath of war sentiments to impose their will upon the public school system. The State Department of Education is unfortunately involved. Commissioner Graves

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came to his position with unusual preparation, and his appointment was untainted by politics. He is a thorough scholar, with especial knowledge of historical movements in education, a man of wide professional experience, and proved generous sympathies, personal and educational. But the State Department has a long tradition of devotion to administration. For some reason its history is largely that of most bureaucracies. Supervision, examination, red tape, attention to detail, "efficiency" rather than inspiration and leadership mark its course. More than one man of genuine educational desires has been absorbed and stifled by the system.

The appointment of the so-called Advisory Committee with its peculiar personnel indicates that the new Commissioner is surrendering to the bureaucracy. It is a pity. The one chance for effective leadership, of which the New York State schools are in great need, is for the Commissioner to leave routine matters in the hands of the old officers and strike out in new lines where red tape and precedence will not count. But surrender of fundamental policies, such as that of the rights of teachers, to those who are committed to a reactionary course is a bad omen.

Even if the renewed activity of the Luskites should give an impetus to a repeal of the laws, it is going to take the New York schools a long time to recover from their demoralization. For years now they have been the football of various interests whose last concern is with education; municipal politics, conflicts between the Board of Estimate and the Board of Education and the efforts of reactionary business interests to make the schools into a subservient agency of impressing their opinions on the young. There is nothing which the schools so need as a period of pacification and tranquillity. No outsider can realize the extent of the present demoralization of teachers and schools by the recent period of squabbling, internal and external, of espionage, truckling, defiance, fear and suspicion. In the end it is the pupils who suffer and through them the future citizenship. Men and women of character are alienated from teaching just when they are most needed. This does not apply merely to teachers of "advanced" ideas. Those who want simply to be left alone and encouraged to do their best work in teaching get sick and disgusted. The conditions repel them and they quietly withdraw and find other work. To a large extent those who are willing to take their places under the prevailing condition of demoralization are those who are more or less impelled by force of circumstances and who teach for other than educational reasons.

Teachers are being drawn into two sharply divided classes, those who openly oppose the present system, and those who have turned themselves into willing and eager agents of those desiring to eradicate from the schools those teachers whose social and economic opinions they do not share. It is charitable to attribute sincerity to the leaders of the Teachers' Council who appear to be responsible for the charges against the forty or so teachers who are receiving Star Chamber treatment. But what is the state of the schools when one body of teachers is given to "snitching" on fellow teachers, knowing that the names of their accusers will not be given to the accused and that the latter will receive a secret and in effect extra-legal hearing? What are the chances for the development of esprit de corps, professional spirit, cooperation in educational work, and the tranquillity of spirit necessary to effective teaching?

If other motives fail, we would appeal to whatever of sporting spirit may happen to remain among those responsible for the unjust and inquisitorial administration of the Lusk laws. If there is to be a fight let them take somebody of their size. Do they never, never think of the children in the schools? Do they entirely lack imagination as to the effect of the present state of demoralization upon the students as well as the teachers? Let us have, for the schools at least, a truce of God. Let us have done with the present state of mental turbulence, uncertainty, dread and suspicion. If the children and teachers in the schools cannot be assured of the state of peace which is indispensable for education, what hope is there of peace for the world? Meantime it is the duty of the public to see that the Lusk laws which promote the present state of things are wiped from the statute books.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1922, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Future of Prices

NOW that the business depression shows signs of giving way, everyone is wondering what will happen to prices. For a year the wholesale level has stood at approximately fifty percent above 1913. The prices of farm products are twenty-eight percent above, other products sixty percent higher than nine years ago.

Secretary Wallace, in a recent address, expressed the opinion "that if it were possible to bring up prices of everything to about sixty percent above the pre-war level, that would benefit most of our people in the nation at large." He also stated that the "relatively low prices of farm crops present the greatest difficulty in the way of establishing a general price level sixty percent above the pre-war level, because prices of farm products are influenced mainly by world conditions." In other words, the Secretary thinks that it would be well to stabilize all prices on the general level of manufactured products, rather than to adjust them downward to the level of agriculture.

What is the likelihood that prices will stabilize on the higher level rather than the lower? There are those who believe that prices will rise as soon as demand revives. And if reviving demand raises prices, it is reasonable to suppose that a continuation of that demand will maintain them at that level. What ground is there, then, for the prediction so often made these days that the course of prices will be downward for a decade or more? If prices are sustained by demand, it would seem that a revival of buying would serve both to raise prices and to maintain them upon a higher level.

Everyone who is more than a novice in economics knows that a revival of demand does not, of necessity, increase prices. This is especially true when plant and machinery which can be used to increase output are lying idle because of the slack demand for goods. Under such conditions an increase in demand simply means a fuller employment of labor and a more complete utilization of materials, plant and machinery. The supply will simply be kept equal to the demand at the same price. It may even be possible that the reduced overhead cost per unit of increased output will tempt producers to reduce prices if demand has revived enough to be attracted by the reduction.

It is not so easy to explain why the general price level should fall over a period of years. If the low state of demand has not served to depress wholesale prices further during the last year, why should a larger inquiry for products not maintain it on this level, to say the least? For it seems likely that purchases of all sorts of things will be more active this summer and autumn than they were last. The automobile business is enjoying a fair revival of activity. The building industry is proceeding more rapidly than at any time during the last five years. In the farming sections of the Middle West implement dealers report that farmers are buying more freely than they did last year. While some of these demands are seasonal, we seem well on our way toward a state of business activity such as we had from 1909 to 1913. That was a period of rising prices. Why, then, should prices be expected to fall to lower levels during the next five or ten years?

In explaining price fluctuations, it is common to invoke the law of supply and demand. In reality this is not a law at all, but merely a convenient method of analyzing the forces which underlie the rise and fall in prices. Supply and demand are heads under which these forces may be conveniently grouped for the purpose of tracing out the causes of price fluctuation. Moreover, this so-called law assumes a stable price level. It does not serve at all to explain the changes in that level itself. It simply states that the market tends to establish a price which equates supply and demand to each other. A given quantity of supply may be equated to demand at any one of a number of prices. The mere fact that the quantity of copper supplied and demanded becomes the same as it was in 1913 does not indicate that the price which prevailed in that year will be once more established. The price at which the new supply will be equated to the new demand may be either higher or lower than it was in the previous year.

It seems probable that American prices will be forced to lower levels by the international industrial situation, and by the widely differing effects of business depression upon the output of various industries. The depression of the last year and a half has shown us again that a drastic fall in the level of agricultural prices has no appreciable effect upon the acreage planted or the product harvested. In agriculture the immediate effect of depression is upon prices; output varies little, if any. In manufacturing, production is reduced while prices remain more nearly stable.

As a result of this difference, the variations in the value of agricultural products and in the value added by manufacture to the materials with which it works present a striking similarity. The follow-

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ing table shows the value of all farm products as published by the Department of Agriculture and the value added by manufacture as shown in the Census of Manufactures. The figures of manufactures for 1921 are estimated.

YEAR	VALUE OF FARM PRODUCTS	VALUE ADDED BY MANUFACTURE
	(in millions of Dollars)	
1899	4,717	4,831
1904	6,122	6,293
1909	8,558	8,529
1914	9,895	9,878
1919	23,783	25,046
1921	12,366	12,000*

The figures here given for agriculture in 1919 are as revised on the basis of the census, and differ from those in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture for 1920. The figure reported there was $24,982,000,000. The reason why the manufactures for 1921 will be no greater than the agricultural products when the prices of the former fell so much less, is that their output was at only eighty percent of that of 1914.

If the equality between these two sets of values is more than a mere coincidence it gives us a relevant starting point for discussing the forces which will dominate the price movement for the next few years. Approximately one-third of our industrial population is engaged in each of these two major industries. The other third of us is busy transporting the products of the farm and the factory; and furnishing the services rendered by wholesale and retail trade, finance and professional activities. It is not strange, therefore, that the value products of these two major industries should fluctuate together. As business revives manufacturing output will approach its former level once more. With this increased output the equality in the value of manufacturing and agricultural products can be maintained only by a fall in the former or a rise in the latter. For agricultural acreage and output will not increase greatly. Is it more likely that manufactures will fall or that farm products will rise?

The probabilities favor a fall in manufactures. A large part of the product of the American farm must be exported to Europe, and sold there in competition with the products of European agriculture. Europe will be better supplied with farm products than with other things. She will not be better supplied than before the war, it is true. The fertility of her fields is depleted and her machinery and work animals are inadequate. Her seed is of poor quality. But despite this her agriculture will be more nearly normal than will her manufacturing and industrial operations. While Europe might gladly buy food products from America, the low ebb of her manufactures will leave her without the means of payment.

The state of European manufactures will be determined primarily by the unsettled financial and political conditions there. But in part it will be hampered by the attempt of American manufactures to exclude the products of the European mills by tariff walls. This will lessen the purchasing power of Europe and will prevent the price of American agricultural products from rising. Tariff walls may serve to keep these goods out of the American market and so may protect the American manufacturer against the direct competition of the European mills, but they cannot maintain the price of our farm products when these must be sold to a continent whose means of payment are inadequate. And the American farmer is the largest customer of our home manufactures. If the purchasing power of the farmer is reduced, the price which he can pay for the products of our factories must decline in a corresponding degree.

If the hypothesis is sound that the value of the product of manufactures and farming moves together; and if the disorganization of European politics and currency prevents the revival of its manufactures for several years, the prices of our manufactured products will fall to the level of our farm products. Whether agricultural prices will decline still further is a difficult question. The likelihood is that they will unless we have a crop shortage. Never in the history of American agriculture were the agricultural colleges and experiment stations working so energetically to induce farmers to adopt the best cultural methods known to agricultural science. Nor were the farmers of America ever so much in debt as they are today. The census of 1920 shows that mortgage indebtedness on farms operated by their owners has grown from $1,726,172,851 in 1910 to $4,003,767,192; while a recent publication of the Department of Agriculture shows that the total indebtedness of farmers to banks is over five billion dollars. With such a financial situation in the agricultural districts we will have a regime of debt payment during the next half-decade. This means that the farmers will raise the largest possible crops to sell, and will use the proceeds to extinguish debts rather than to purchase commodities. It is universally conceded that it is possible to increase agricultural production at least twenty-five percent if even one-half the farmers of the country can be induced to adopt the best methods known to agricultural science. If the farmer increases his production and uses the proceeds to cancel his indebtedness at the banks and elsewhere, agricultural prices will decline. It is not at all unlikely that

* Estimated.

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the course of agricultural production and prices in the United States in the next decade will be such as to reduce the value of agricultural land and to increase the rewards which go to skilled farm management. This will be accomplished by a decrease in the prices of agricultural products consequent upon the improvement in methods of agricultural production by the more intelligent farmers.

There is little likelihood, then, that the prices of our manufactures will be maintained by an active demand from our agricultural population. The foreign demand for agricultural products will be slack except for products like wheat and rye, where Russia will be out of the market for some time. Agricultural production will be large because of the advance in technique and the keener competition among producers. The proceeds which the farmer does realize from the sale of his products will be employed in the payment of debt to a larger degree than usual. The combined effect of these factors will be a smaller demand for manufactures at a reduced price.

It would still be possible to have a large demand for our industrial products from the manufacturing groups themselves. If our industrial plants and our railroads and public utilities were being expanded rapidly, and if the savings of our people, including the farmers, were being used for this purpose, we might well have an active demand for the products needed for these things at high prices. There is, however, little probability that such expansion will be rapid enough to raise the price level. The best informed opinion on the subject holds that in most lines of manufacturing and mining our capacity already exceeds the probable demand for several years to come. This is notably true of mining, iron and steel, and automobiles. Incidentally, the slow rate of expansion during the next few years will mean a rather slack demand for capital and a further fall in the rate of interest.

The whole situation, then, promises to depress prices of manufactures still further. Stabilization will probably take place on the level of agricultural prices rather than on that of the prices of manufactures. Secretary Wallace is doubtless correct in saying that the nation at large would benefit from a stabilization on the higher level. If we pursue a sensible tariff policy and if America will face the European situation frankly and determine its part in it as a national matter, the fall of prices in America can be retarded. If the American public could be brought to a realization of the situation we might have some new and significant issues in the coming congressional elections.

DAVID FRIDAY.

The Near Machiavelli

MR. H. L. MENCKEN has given public notice that he is engaged in writing a treatise which will teach the enlightened minority how to govern the unenlightened majority. The usual thing to do, I realize, is to wait for the treatise before discussing it. But in Mr. Mencken's case such academic prudence is quite unnecessary. Mr. Mencken has already published the blurb for the jacket and an outline of his principles. And as he has taught us how unnecessary it is to read a book before reviewing it, I see no reason why I should not review his book before he writes it.

There are a number of Menckens of varying excellence. There is Mencken the philologist for whom I have the greatest admiration. There is Mencken the literary critic whom I respect as I would a somewhat discriminating one-eyed bull in a china shop. But there is another and more pretentious Mencken,—the author of an American Dunciad and the prophet of a new aristocracy. It is a book by this third Mencken which I am venturing to review.

"The problem of democratic government," he tells us, "narrows down to this: how is the relatively enlightened and reputable minority to break the hold of such mountebanks (the present office-holding class) upon the votes of the anthropoid majority? . . . The man of education and self respect may not run with the mob and he may not yield to it supinely, but what is to prevent him deliberately pulling its nose? What is to prevent him playing upon its fears and credulities to good ends as a physician plays upon them by giving its members bread pills, or as a holy clerk seeking to bring it up to relative decency, scares it with tales of a mythical hell? In brief, what is to prevent him from swallowing his political prejudices . . . in order to channel and guide the prejudices of his inferiors? It may be, at first blush, an unsavory job—but so is delivering a fat woman of twins an unsavory job. Yet obstetricians of first skill and repute do it—if the fee be large enough."

Thus spoke Henry Louis Zarathustra. "Some of the principles of the new science already begin to clarify in my mind." Let us see how far they have clarified.

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The human race, according to Mr. Mencken, consists of the mob and the enlightened minority. The mob is "congenitally uneducable" and has an "incurable distrust" of the truth. The "intelligent minority," on the other hand, is characterized by an "incurable thirst for knowledge." It is this congenitally and incurably thirsty minority which is going to be taught by Mencken's "new science" how to pull the nose of the incurably and congenitally uneducable mob. The minority is to do it, however, and of course, for "good ends."

At once you look around for the intelligent minority which is to turn the trick. You do not ever learn from Mr. Mencken who compose it. But he leaves you in no doubt as to who are not members in good standing of the educable and thirsty minority. "The lower orders of men" you can dismiss at once. With equal certainty you can eliminate the whole church-going population of the United States, since Mr. Bryan goes to church. Business men, of course, are excluded ipso facto because there are Rotary Clubs, Boards of Trade and other boob-thumping organizations among them. Lawyers likewise. The whole "body of teachers in Christendom" is eliminated at one stroke. As for the professors, if they escape with their lives they may well rejoice. Newspaper men as a whole are quite ineligible, and so, if I am not mistaken, are women of all classes and professions. The politicians, high and low, have the "honesty of a press agent and the dignity of a bawdy house keeper." The eligible list grows smaller. Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Anarchists all take the count. And as for the liberals, men like Bryce, Wells, and those who take more or less the same line, they are as poor frauds as Senator Lusk and the Ku Klux Klan.

There are left Mr. Mencken, Mr. Nathan, their publisher Mr. Knopf, and the enlightened minority who read the Smart Set. I don't know them all by name, but for the purpose of the argument I am willing to grant Mr. Mencken a few thousand bona fide members of his intelligent minority.

Now his thoery is that they ought to take charge of human affairs. He knows they cannot do it by force, but he does think they can do it by acting "boldly and vigorously" on the principles of the "new science" which he is about to expound to them as Machiavelli expounded politics to the Medici. The basic principle of that new science is simplicity itself. Mr. Mencken will teach his new aristocrat how to make all the rest of us "exult" and "tremble." Then "knowing that much he will be master of the whole art of practical politics under democracy."

This is the most touching exhibition of human credulity that I have encountered in many a day. You have here a faith in the power of words that is complete. For Mr. Mencken thinks that if a small minority could only utter the right words they would take possession of human society. Mr. Mencken will therefore create a science which will teach the intelligent minority how to use phrases that will make the rest of us exult or tremble and they will be masters of the world. Somebody has been pulling Mr. Mencken's leg.

For he has taken in as if it were the gospel the whole current buncombe that you can do anything by publicity and advertising. Mr. Mencken has contracted the disease he set out to cure. What else is at the bottom of those features of American life to which Mr. Mencken so violently and so rightly objects, except this same childlike faith in the omnipotence of words? What is at the bottom of our prohibiting and censoring except a belief that by incantation you can make people righteous? What is at the bottom of the business hokum, which Christopher Morley recently immortalized in his Ginger Cubes, except the belief that you can do immense things by working up the proper verbal excitement? On what are the Pollyanna inspirations and the quack religions founded but this same superstition that the Word is the Thing? And then along comes Mr. Mencken and proposes to regenerate human society by adopting the same superstitions, but for "good ends." The bold and fearless critic, the Holy Terror among the Academics, steps forward with the proposal that a little group of serious thinkers can make themselves masters of civilization by uttering a few scarifying phrases.

How did the mountain manage to bring forth such a mouse?

Mr. Mencken likes words. They are concrete and important objects in his life, and collecting them has been his most serious intellectual interest. Words are, moreover, his only means of action and his sole occupation. By words he has achieved a considerable reputation. His victories have been won in battles of words, and in human fashion, he likes to believe that the universe is ruled by words. Lacking any first hand knowledge or enough realistic sense of social organization to ask himself, for example, why parties endure though the slogans change, he concludes that the slogans of politics are the essence of politics, and that if you could discover the superslogan you would be the superman.

This belief in the magic of words is intellectually not one bit more respectable than the wearing of a rheumatism string, or any of the other follies which Mr. Mencken loves to cite as evi-

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dence of the folly of politicians. Mr. Mencken, to be sure, thinks he is superior to superstition because he proposes to use words cynically, whereas the victims of his criticism believe them more or less naïvely. But the superstition does not disappear because Mr. Mencken despises it. If he thinks, as he does, that slogans are the ultimate force in society, his belief is a superstition, and it makes no difference whether he is awestruck by the fact or cynical about it. His science is of the same stuff at bottom as Mr. Bryan's or Billy Sunday's.

And like them he is so determined to have the universe what he would like it to be that he will not stop to find out what it is. For Mr. Mencken has a dream. He would like as an expert in words to recreate the world by words in the image of that dream. What does he see in that dream? He sees himself as the companion of a small masterful minority who rule the world and who, because it is so simple to rule the world, have ample leisure for talk. In that circle Mencken is the gayest spirit of the lot, the literary pope, of course, but with a strong flavor of Rabelais and Voltaire about him. The hard work of the world is left to the subject masses, who are uneducable, and are therefore destined to feed him, clothe him, keep him warm, and print books for him.

I think this is a sincere dream. I think Mencken really cares for fine things of a sort, though simple things untranslated into art are not significant to him. But what I wonder is whether he ever realizes how little he exemplifies the aristocratic type which he would so much like to be. I am not speaking merely of the fact that he is so often vulgar about vulgarity, and that he frequently makes you think he feels he must make a show because you may not have heard that he recently acquired a reputation. I am speaking rather of the inner commotion which directs his troubled vitality.

For the quality that marks him off from the genuine intellectual aristocrat is the absence of settled assurance within. There is no point in Mencken where you ever reach serenity, no point as which anything justifies itself. Everything has to be fortified by bounce and brag if he is to hold fast to it. The good things have to be kept vital by feverishly thumping the bad ones. Mr. Mencken would not dare to stop contemplating his dislikes for fear of being left contemplating a vacuum.

But there is a rudimentary honesty about him, not a complete honesty because his critical faculties are not searching enough for many of the things of which he speaks ex cathedra, but an honesty of feeling. And so I wonder whether in his most honest moments he realizes how much he is the victim of the vices he hates, whether he knows how deeply the modern city's fever has gotten into his blood, and how much like Cinderella with flat feet he seems when he cries for an aristocracy in the pages of the Smart Set.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Boston

V. The Racial Moralities

A JOURNALIST'S investigation of the state of affairs in Boston leads him to a series of conclusions which may be plumped down arbitrarily as follows:

The general moral health of Boston is not noticeably worse than that of other cities. If it seems so it is because of the vociferous fashion in which Boston's transgressions are vociferously blamed upon the Irish by the Yankees. These transgressions should rather be described as stigmata of our whole current civilization.

While weight of numbers gives the Irish complete control of municipal politics and therefore of city government, social and financial power remains in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon grandchildren of the Puritans. Certainly anyone who set out deliberately to weigh advantages must on the whole prefer the position of the latter.

Irish municipal administration has its faults, to be sure; but so has administration by any other race. While the Anglo-Saxon wriggles unhappily when forced to adjust himself to Keltic domination, he is not much more dissatisfied than is the Irishman when the rôles are reversed.

It is quite true that in recent years Boston has seen a marked departure from the older American ideals and traditions—a departure which is the more noticeable because the Hub City was the nursery for this sort of Americanism in the days when the color and shape of white civilization in the United States were being determined. However, it seems to me grossly unfair to attribute this spiritual relaxation (or decay) to the malign influence of any one race in conflict with others. If we have in the United States an insurgence of vulgarism, a pulling down of the old gods and substitution of false idols or none, that is the result of a situation in which immigration is but

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one factor—though in combination with our system of economic exploitation plus political democracy, half-education for everybody and dominance by the yellow press, it is an important one.

The effect of environment on racial characteristics both in Europe and the United States, must be kept constantly in mind. The Irishman in Ireland is what he is largely because of centuries of suppression; the Irishman in America has his characteristics determined by the fact that he came late into communities already maturing, where there was not much room for him except at the bottom. This situation has created an Irish-American psychology which, for example, is strong in the feeling of racial solidarity. Irishmen hang together because for a long time they have had to do so. As our civilization has matured, grown richer in material wealth and stratified into classes, the sense of kinship among members of a partially submerged national group has become merged in a general hostility of the Have-nots for the Haves. It is this latter feeling, of course, which accounts for Hylan in New York, Thompson in Chicago, Curley in Boston.

Does all this mean that we are to whitewash the Boston Irish entirely? Not quite; as I observed in a previous article, there is one aspect of Boston's recent history where the charge of moral turpitude is so serious that the case must have extended examination before judgment may be passed for or against the Kelt.

The affair in question is the remarkable development of graft in public office, centering about the offices of the district attorneys in Suffolk county (Boston) and Middlesex county (Cambridge). Of the complex situation which has been exposed and eradicated, only the barest outline need be given here. Nathan H. Tufts, district attorney for Middlesex county, was removed from office by the Massachusetts Supreme Court for mis-, mal- and non-feasance in office in October, 1921. In February, 1922, Joseph C. Pelletier, district attorney for Suffolk county, was removed by a unanimous decision of the five Supreme Court justices who sat in the case. Pelletier is an Irishman, with a nation-wide reputation, and had been Supreme Advocate for the national Roman Catholic society, the Knights of Columbus. While under these charges, he became a candidate for mayor, and though he withdrew from the race ten days before the election, I could find no one in Boston who believed that he was prompted by a feeling of impropriety. He left the contest, it seems clear, in order to aid Mr. Curley, and his action undoubtedly did so.

The charges against Pelletier and Tufts were not dissimilar. In general, the practice most frequently alleged was that of trumping up charges against a wealthy individual and then permitting him to buy immunity from prosecution by the payment of a large sum. Among the persons who were thus blackmailed, some were actually guilty and others only technically so—as in the case of an individual who married before sufficient time had elapsed to make absolute a previous divorce decree. There seems good reason to believe that in some instances traps were set for men who were either placed in a compromising position though innocent, or actually tempted into wrong-doing.

In all these cases the payment of a sufficient sum purchased immunity. A newspaper summary of the Supreme Court decision against Pelletier stated that "evidence was presented against the district attorney in twenty-one charges. In ten of these he was accused of conspiracy to commit blackmail. Improper action in handling cases in his office was alleged in ten others. One specification attributed 'misconduct' in two campaign addresses. None of the charges as originally filed specified that Pelletier had received money in return for his alleged misconduct, but evidence to this effect was presented in five cases. The Attorney-General offered this evidence in connection with a claim that Pelletier had 'participated in the profits of a partnership of crime'. . . . The court found Pelletier guilty in most of the important instances of misconduct, alleged by the Attorney-General." He was found guilty, for example, on the charge that during his campaign for the mayoralty he offered to quash any proceedings against persons who took it on themselves vigorously to resent reports that he intended to resign. He was found guilty in the Emerson Motors case in which that company was said to have paid $20,500 to stop prosecution in Suffolk county. It was held that he was guilty in the Emery case in which Pelletier, Daniel H. Coakley and William J. Corcoran, former district attorney of Middlesex county, were named as conspirators to extract $50,000 from Mrs. Jennie S. Chase, her daughter, Mrs. Curtis W. Emery and her son-in-law, Curtis W. Emery. The court held that $35,000 paid by Benjamin Piscopo, a former hotel proprietor, to avert prosecution, was a payment in pursuit of a criminal conspiracy between Pelletier and Coakley.

It should not be assumed that this remarkable scandal in the administration of public office was exclusively an Irish affair. While it is true that most of the leading participants were of that race, there were Yankees involved as well. The impor-

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tant question for us to answer is: Did the Irish population of Boston exhibit moral turpitude in condoning the acts of members of their own race?

Naturally, this is an extraordinarily difficult problem to solve. One cannot interview three or four hundred thousand people, and the graft cases have not been a public issue of a sort on which judgment could be recorded at the polls (for certainly the election of Curley cannot be thus interpreted). However, I think it is entirely safe to say that the Irish in Boston showed much greater indifference to the dishonesty of their representatives in office than was displayed by the Yankees. For some time it was an open question whether the forces of righteousness would be able to unseat Pelletier at all, so strong was the public sympathy with him. The greater part of the work of cleaning up Boston was done by Anglo-Saxon representatives of the old Yankee tradition; and from first to last their efforts were never a popular cause. Even after Pelletier had been removed from office by the State Supreme Court, a defiant public announcement was made that he would be retained in his position as Supreme Advocate for the Knights of Columbus (though I presume his disbarment must alter this situation). I think it is fair to say that Irish Boston still regards this whole matter as a persecution by a lot of over-punctilious Yankees of one of their race who is, after all, an extremely good fellow. However I must admit I can adduce very little evidence in support of this contention.

But even when we have said so much, we have not necessarily brought a permanent indictment against the Irish as municipal administrators in Boston or anywhere else. Nor is this true merely on the somewhat sophisticated ground that in a democracy any city is entitled to have as bad a government as the majority of its citizens demand. We must not forget that the racial solidarity among the Irish in any American community is largely based on a feeling that their race has been exploited and oppressed for centuries in Ireland; and while they have achieved political mastery in this country it has been accompanied by so little economic dominance that they still have the general attitude of the underdog. In these circumstances racial loyalty to a Pelletier under indictment, to a Curley in jail, to a Hylan made a fool of on the witness stand, is the most natural and explicable thing in the world. If the Irish were not a mere majority but the complete population of Boston, no doubt they would clean house for themselves in a fashion which, while less far-reaching and certainly less didactically moral than the Puritans' would nevertheless be quite effective. Brought into rough contact with the Yankee standard critically applied to one of themselves, their response is a group loyalty which leaves no room in the proud Irish heart for allegiance to the virtue of civic incorruptibility.

What we see in Boston is therefore no more nor less than what we see everywhere in America. The melting pot conspicuously fails to melt. The increasing economic stratification of the community leaves one race—more or less by accident—at the bottom, yet by mere weight of numbers in control of the political machinery. This political control is of no use in bettering the economic situation but this is a fact which never sinks in, and the result is a constant use of the ballot for negative and ineffective purposes of attempted revenge upon those who are socially and financially superior. The Irish are not to blame; no one is to blame, for the moral values which are seemingly involved are no more than the casual expression of the blind drift of circumstance. Yet while the matter is no one's fault, it must presently become the serious concern of all good Americans; for the increasingly grave breakdown of municipal administration which is the result of this tangle can only be cured, as I have already suggested, by a considerable revision of the technique by which the public will expresses itself in our political democracy.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Gustatory Evolution

FROM the outside, all radicals look alike to the uninitiated. Actually, however, there are three varieties: hard-shelled orthodox "Reds" with a theology as set as an old fashioned Puritan; mottled, red and white soft-shelled theorists, crawling constantly toward mere liberalism, and last, and most prevalent—the gustatory radicals—that host of pale pink thinkers who have eaten their way from conservatism through years of public dinners.

In the good old days before Senator Lusk and his radical-silencer bills, New York City was as full of gustatories as Petrograd of Bolsheviki today. Any group of propagandists who took the trouble to engage one of those dingy, cavernous dining halls where seventy-five cent table d'hôtes were offered with California grown Italian wine thrown in, and sent out notices that some unknown and unpopular cause would be served up, amid appropriate speaking, could get a crowd. And whatever the subject dined for, the same collection of earnest gustatories came, eager and hungry.

A chrysanthemum-headed, gaunt-eyed youth,

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whose wild oats ran to saving the race, was always at large; at his arm, the pre-flapper girl with bobbed hair and large boned spectacles. A few advanced social workers, ready with nervous explanations for their Trustees about "laboratory work" and "seeing social problems in the making" inevitably attended, with a handful of college professors and their long suffering wives, glad for a little inexpensive diversion. And always, of course, a host of unattached, middle class, middle aged women for whom the propaganda meal was a happy cross between a church social and a Chautauqua. Also present, was one who never failed to put in appearance, Jasmine Jewett, the most accomplished gustatory of them all.

Jasmine is one of those modern women who have emerged from the home and is now trying to find enough to do to keep herself busy, without working. She is an eager, bright-eyed little person, an exhilarated conversationalist, indefatigably alert to the pulse of modern life. She makes it a religion to know all about everything and just what is being done about it. She hopes, if there is a social revolution, to see it at close range, thinking that perhaps the comrades will arrange to revolt and take off their chains during some banquet or other. For the last fifteen years, Jasmine has never missed a gustatory chance for education. She has eaten for every egregious cause that could be eaten for.

Like other New Yorkers, Jasmine came originally from the Middle West. She went to boarding school in Boston and to college afterward, up the Hudson, somewhere. Through her professor of sociology she first acquired her taste for causes. It was his custom to bring his class to the city, on tours of observation, seeing the Home for the Feeble Minded, the Work House, Ellis Island and the Charity Organization Society. On one trip, being either too lazy to prepare a lecture on modern heresies or wise enough to let dissenters speak for themselves, he took Jasmine and half a dozen other Seniors to an anarchist dinner at the Café International, the subject being The Menace of Government.

As they entered, Jasmine was so thrilled by the adventure that she did not notice a young man with a derby hat pushed back on his forehead and a belching cigar in his mouth, receiving admission fees. She was well started toward a table when she heard a shrill cry from the observing treasurer of the club,

"Take the ten cents off the lady! Take the ten cents off the lady!"

Mortified by her oversight, Jasmine made a contribution of a quarter by way of atonement. Observing a thoughtful Jewish youth, whose dark eyes had that unhappy brooding look she felt every well regulated anarchist ought to have, she seated herself beside him. Since she was young and good to look upon, he for his part was willing to forget that in his terms she was only a "bourgeois bum." Intoxicated by her adventure, Jasmine plied her companion with questions while he explained with earnestness just who would collect the garbage in the free state, how society was to get along without policemen, judges or ward bosses and what would be substituted for marriage.

By the time the sample of Neopolitan ice cream and the demi tasse had appeared, the audience began to settle the chairs and arrange themselves for an endurance test in sitting. The speaker, just dismissed from prison, where he had served a long term for trying to assassinate an unpopular rich man, rose majestically. Jasmine and her new acquaintance, absorbed in their ideal anarchistic state, went on talking without heed to the hero's prison tinted memoirs. He raised his voice, he lowered it, he rapped on the table. Jasmine paused not, nor lingered in her questions. Suddenly, she sensed an unusual silence and looking up, saw the speaker pointing a long finger at her. Then, with none of the persuasive accent which characterized his earlier remarks, she heard him address her,

"Damn Bourgeois! Was it for you and your kind that I went to jail!"

Jasmine said afterward that it made her suddenly realize how she would shiver to live in a world with such men in control. In fact, the experience turned her dramatically from anarchy, which she was just on the verge of taking up.

It turned out that a number of Jasmine's classmates were socialists. They formed a little study circle which affiliated with a larger group in New York. In those days there were Fabians and Collectivists, and the Right Wing, consecrated chiefly to conversation, did not know what the Left Wing was doing. It must be admitted that the dinners were not as brilliant as those for anarchy. In fact, the denunciations were so polite and academic that even a capitalist could banquet with the comrades, in composure. Jasmine attended conscientiously, and acquired the complete vocabulary—class consciousness, wage slavery, economic determinism and other perilous phrases which she reeled off to her friends, at the same time displaying her red bound copy of Marx's Communist Manifesto.

Not long after her graduation, Jasmine married Arthur Jewett, a dull, but prosperous man who called her radicalism "just pep." He realized that she had too much élan vital for purely domestic

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life and was perfectly willing that she should continue her excursions into political theories, provided she did not make herself conspicuous by any form of direct action. In fact, Arthur listened more or less indulgently to Jasmine's stories of meetings with queer people and their cranky views, finding them diverting after his day in Wall Street.

Jasmine ate for socialism until Freudian ideas became current and then she began dining for the abolition of repressions. She joined a little band of free thinkers led by a gentleman who had written twenty-five books on what boys, girls, men, women and children ought to know. It was at one of these banquets that she had the most exciting evening of her life. A vice society heard that the club was discussing the importance of sex problems and organized a raid. To her great sorrow, Jasmine was not arrested. It would have been such a marvellous opportunity to be intimate with the prison problem, and perhaps write a book about it. She took revenge upon the authorities by seeing the dress rehearsal of the tabooed Mrs. Warren's Profession and reading a censored book of D. H. Lawrence, two copies of which were secretly circulating among the gustatories.

Meanwhile, the faithful Arthur who uncomplaining paid the bills and occasionally accompanied Jasmine on a dining expedition became alarmed at the close proximity of raids to direct action. Having no hankering for vicarious prison experience he announced firmly that Jasmine must in future dine only for causes with inhibitions and repressions. Thereafter she had to content herself with suffrage and anti-suffrage feasts, attending both in order to be broad minded. Then meals for social reform. She ate for child labor, single tax, minimum wage, juvenile delinquency, better housing and a host of civic movements. She was apologetic about becoming so middle class in her activities but the compensation was that almost all the other gustatory radicals attended these dinners, too. And such causes certainly served better and more digestible meals.

Finally came the war, with a wake of wholly new purposes. Liberty Loan banquets, Red Cross Drives, dinners for ambulance funds and the gamut of war causes engaged Jasmine's attention. Between times, there were always the little nations with their programs and needs, in five courses. And oh! the meals she ate for the starving countries of Europe! Jasmine dined for famished Poland, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, the Near East—for every place where funds were to be sent. The only really unsuccessful banquet was one for Starving Belgium, when in realistic fashion the menu was hard bread and thin, watery soup. And there were empty chairs where hungry children were supposed to be sitting, ghost-like. Jasmine went home with a keen appetite, much upset by the gruesome idea. She liked the Truth About Russia meeting better. This was an elaborate and filling five dollar meal, with surreptitious cocktails. Even with the horrible moving pictures of the famine and the accounts of the atrocities of Lenin and Trotsky it was not as harrowing as Belgium.

At the present time, radical dinners are in abeyance. So many of the hard-shelled "Reds" have been deported while the soft-shelled who foolishly did not become liberals are in jail. Jasmine deplores the loss of our civil liberties and longs for the second coming of free speech. Meantime, she is dining for culture. She has joined a society which feeds celebrities and makes them tell the story of their lives in ten minutes. She has seen Alfred Noyes, Galsworthy, Mrs. Asquith, Amy Lowell, H. G. Wells and Lady Astor. She goes to dramatic dinners, too, where stars like Sothern and Marlowe and Laurette Taylor and Douglas Fairbanks are spread in a brilliant line along the speaker's table. At other times, she hears speeches on Disarmament, Psychic Phenomena and Relativity. But being a gustatory isn't what it used to be. Where once, they ate for anarchy with wine, now its with water for general information. Only one half of one percent of radicalism is left. And Arthur smiles as he goes to Wall Street.

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON.

Henry's Art Course

HENRY is just closing his junior year at college. He is a fine, intelligent chap who leads his classes; and there is nothing that he cannot understand with his head at least, whatever completeness of understanding he may yet lack at times.

Henry has been telling me about his courses. The one that interests me especially is that on the history of art, or rather an introduction to art, as it is called. I find it interesting because it seems to put in a nutshell the contribution of the colleges to the subject, and because it represents a good deal of our education in general. The part of Henry's course that covered sculpture seemed particularly neat.

This course, as Henry explained to me, began with the earliest sculpture in Greece and showed how art progressed toward the perfection it attained to in Pericles' age, in Phidias especially. And this was the highest pinnacle in sculpture because they arrived then at form, for the first time they achieved perfect form.

All that about form seemed to me at first, as I listened to Henry, very puzzling. I should have thought that some of the earlier Greek things, the Apollo façade at Olympia for example, had a very fine use of form, not to speak of the Egyptians. Then it dawned on me that what Henry had learned to talk about as form was really anatomy.

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Henry admitted that point finally. The highest aim, then, of sculpture was to render the human form perfectly, he restated his theory. Kritios and Nesiates, coming before this knowledge, were not so good as Phidias; and Praxiteles and Scopas coming after this knowledge were not so good.

Kritios is not so good because he did not know how to represent the body and Scopas is not so good because he know too much, I suggested. Henry grinned, "But why, tell me," I said, "should the highest aim of sculpture be to represent perfectly the human form? What makes you so sure of that?"

"Because that's the highest function of sculpture, I guess. At any rate the whole course is based on that theory."

I said that such was very convenient for the professor surely. It gave a bottom to his lecture. And it was the old text-book farrago. But that the professors toward art were like the captain of the sailing vessel toward society, who had been round the world but never in it. With such a theory they miss the point of sculpture, which is to express idea in terms of mass. And to this ideal end you might do what you liked with the human body, it was always secondary. This exact photography of the body was only one of many means to an end. The photography I put in to lead Henry on.

"But it's not photography," he took me up, "though some of the gods and heroes swing a mean chest, I can tell you. Phidias is never photographic. It's the perfect combination of idea and reality, the perfect balance between the real and the ideal—and all that crap. You know. The professor bulls about that too. You'll admit that to be the finest conception of living."

Perhaps that was true, I admitted it for the argument at least. It is possible enough that we seek more than all other ideas this tempered proportionment of reality and ideality, this perfect balance between the inner and the outer, the seen and the unseen worlds. But here was the point: we might prefer to have it said somewhere else than in sculpture, in some other art. I myself preferred it said in literature and philosophy, in Plato and Sophocles rather than in Phidias. A particular quality or conception suits the genius of a particular art. Things, qualities, ideas, have their voices. I prefer, for instance, the quintessence of the mediaeval said in architecture. The nineteenth century, after the priggishness and smugness and bad taste are forgotten, goes into music best. The audacity and poetic elaboration of the Elizabethans can be said best in drama. The gracious surface of life suits painting most of all, some kinds of painting, Velasquez say. And the Egyptian, the Chinese, the early Greek belong to the character of stone; these sculptures seem inevitably to create in terms of mass. And so on. To an Oriental none of these instances might be true, but the point remained the same. I said all that to Henry. Every art, then, I said, has its particular genius; it does not in the least follow that a fine idea is equally fine in every art, no matter how well done.

Henry needed only to have these things said to see them perfectly. He said, "Sure."

"But even with all that settled," I went on, "we are not talking about art. You could know these topics and discuss them without being able to tell a Donatello from something by Mino da Fiesole. We were talking about science, philosophy, aesthetics. And that was convenient for the professors too, since it is always easier to think profoundly about a thing than to enter into its existence, to come alive with it, to face its mysterious vitality. But its connection with art was that of physics to flying. One must learn to read sculpture like a language learned."

"But they did, they did do that," Henry declared. They went to the museum, they had been to the museum three or four times to look at the statuary. And they had lantern slides and photographs. With the slides the professor lectured on the lives of the artists and the political conditions of their time. The class was supposed to read up outside on the characteristics of the sculptors. Scopas, for example, you could tell because he threw the heads of his figures back and opened their mouths. And Praxiteles you could tell from Polyclitus because the flesh was smoother.

"So far so good," I said Socratically, "so far so good. And what does that lead to?"

Henry said that they learned the characteristics of the different sculptors and periods that way.

"It's odd," I said, "how nobody would ever introduce you to music without your hearing it constantly, but with the visual arts—! However—this recognizing game is only the beginning. Nobody can teach you much about art, and you can be taught then only by seeing it. What sculpture must mean in the end is a comment on life, some idea, some quality, some glory or some decision of living set down there. What one man thinks about life may be read in the rigidity of a line, and another by the shadow in an eye. If your professor said to you that the character of the ideas that went into government, into politics and literature and manners, went also into the marbles of Pericles' time, the same thing in a different language, he would have started you in the right final direction."

Henry, pious little fraud, said that he now saw what I meant, said it in a manner both of one of the disciples in the Phaedo and of a lad who in college has known how to improve his grades.

I sat thinking of all this as I looked at my Gothic Virgin in wood, from Burgos. She is very simple, very quiet, in her long lines, her green and red and blue and old flesh color. Henry does not like this statue, I know. He thinks it looks like a child's work or some crude workman's long ago. But I like it because it seems to say perfectly something that at this stage of life's game I like. It seems to say this in terms of wood, of mass and line. It is a small thing, I know, because in the gamut of a lifetime the mood of it is small. But it says completely its mood of stillness, formal simplicity and naïve contemplation.

After a time I began again:

"And in the end there are only two things to be said of your learning or your being taught about sculpture."

"And what are they?" Henry asked.

"Number One: that you can learn when sculpture is technically artistic, learn a bit at least in that direction. That means you can learn to tell more or less when the thing said is said in a way that suits the medium it employs; when it is essentially in terms of sculpture as distinct from all other arts."

"And the other?"

"But you can't have Number One without Number Two; which is this: All you can ever be taught is to read sculpture, to learn to take in its language. Then what you really think of it at the bottom of your soul will depend on your own state of mind, your education, your theory of life, your point-of-view. Nothing else makes any reality between a man and a piece of art. Nothing else makes sense."

Henry said I was about right, the course was mostly tripe; and went off with his books, with six great sculptors under his arm.

STARK YOUNG.

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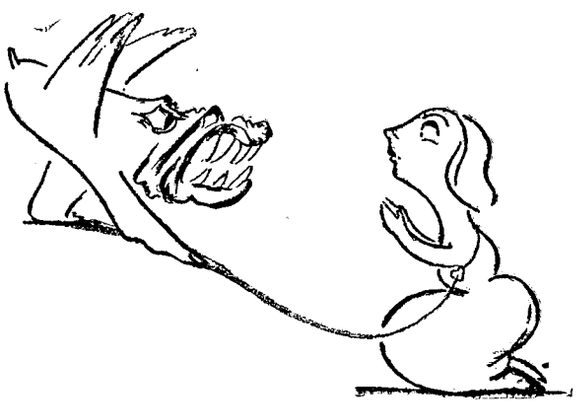
The Crow's Nest

Old Witch

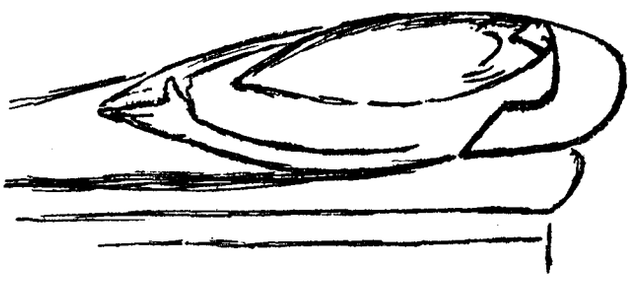
Messianic

Evil Incarnate



Faith Cure

Purity and Man



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CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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Say It With Words

COMMENCEMENT at Ann Arbor, near the middle of the eighteen-nineties—there must be many graduates of the University of Michigan who remember still how pleasantly they were disappointed on that June day. What they expected was the usual commencement address, a tale told by a professor, full of sound and scholarship, signifying routine. What they got was a series of tips from a coach who was himself, manifestly, always in training.

That commencement address, Self-Cultivation in English, by Professor George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, has just reappeared in pamphlet form (Crowell), together with another of Professor Palmer's commencement addresses, on The Glory of the Imperfect. I have just been reading Self-Cultivation in English over again. How completely I had forgotten Professor Palmer's point of view! How well I remember many a bit of his advice! What can one do, what could Mr. David M. Roth do, for a memory which recalls the leaves and the flowers while forgetting the stalk?

"Enlarge the vocabulary," Professor Palmer says in the most celebrated part of his address. "Let any one who wants to see himself grow, resolve to adopt two new words each week. It will not be long before the endless and enchanting variety of the world will begin to reflect itself in his speech, and in his mind as well. I know that when we use a word for the first time we are startled, as if a fire-cracker went off in our neighborhood. We look about hastily to see if anyone has noticed. But finding that no one has, we may be emboldened. A word used two or three times slips off the tongue with entire naturalness. Then it is ours for ever, and with it some phase of life which had been lacking hitherto. For each word presents its own point of view, discloses a special aspect of things, reports some little importance not otherwise conveyed, and so contributes its small emancipation to our tied-up minds and tongues." Professor Palmer is at the opposite pole from Gallio, deputy of Achaia, who underestimated words. "But if it be a question of words and names," said Gallio to the Jews who where St. Paul's accusers, "look *ye* to it. And he drave them from the judgment seat."

As to the principal part of this advice—the conscious adoption of two new words a week—there is much to be said. I promise not to say it all. Professor Palmer is "far from suggesting that we should seek out strange, technical or inflated expressions, which do not appear in ordinary conversation." Yet now and then one of these flagrantly adscititious children, suddenly taken into one man's vocabulary, becomes in no time everybody's word. It was while looking in the dictionary, to find out how to spell hexagonal, that Jim Pinkerton hit upon hebdomadary. "'Well, you're a boss word,' I said. 'Before you're very much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself.'" And within a few weeks all San Francisco was using the word with entire naturalness, though not quite in its dictionary form.

Why do we all have within reach, to be used on the one occasion when we do need them, words which we have never or think we have never used before? Believing, in dissent from Professor Palmer, that there are certain words which, no matter how often I repeated them, would never slip with entire naturalness off any tongue of mine, I look about for examples; and before I know it my pen has written cultural, galore, brocket, subsume, commence, tragopan, divot. Here are seven words that I never use, in writing or speech, that I am certain I never can use naturally, and that pop into my head as soon as I order myself to use words I don't use.

Demand, on a trivial occasion has produced supply. Emboldened by this discovery, why shouldn't I venture to complement Professor Palmer's advice by this piece of protreptics: Multiply the demands made on you. Devise ways of getting yourself into fixes that you can't get out of without help from a new noun. Sit down before a safe that no tool except a new verb will unlock. See, feel, think what you have not thought or seen or felt. Now and again, if you have luck, there will be happy meetings. This or that addition to your experience will make friends with some of the words you have been adding to your vocabulary. Follow these precepts, and at long intervals you may have the pleasure of writing words which "cleave to the meaning, so that one cannot think of them without it, or of it without them."

I don't imply, of course, that the degree of pleasure a man has extracted from the pains of writing is a good test of the value of what he has written. Any more than Professor Palmer implies, when he calls writing "a moral matter," that that book or article or poem or story is the best over which the writer has taken most pains. Perhaps his words do expose him a little to this misinterpretation. "Every inaccuracy is a bit of untruthfulness," he says. "And no moral purpose will save us from this untruthfulness unless that purpose is sufficient to inspire the daily drill which brings the power to be true. Again and again we are shut up to evil because we have not acquired the ability of goodness." And again: "Every writer who knows his trade perceives that he is a servant, that it is his business to endure hardship and toil if only his reader may win freedom from toil . . . that he has no right to let a single sentence slip from him unsocialized. . . . And because these qualifications of the writer are moral qualifications, they can never be completely fulfilled as long as we live and write." But does the effort to say what one means exist in the consciousness of most writers as a moral effort? Doesn't it resemble more nearly the kind of effort a man makes when playing a game? Mr. Tilden has and needs no moral motive just before bringing off one of his most hazardous passing shots. It isn't a moral motive which inspires a batter to make a base hit with two out and a man on third.

Professor Palmer's point of view, although moral, is one from which he can nevertheless see the difficulties of an artist. That is one of the peculiarities which give feature to his address. A second peculiarity may be illustrated by quotations: "Watch your speech," he bids us. "That is all which is needed. Only it is desirable to know what qualities to watch for. I find three—accuracy, audacity and range." We must strive for one of these qualities as often as we open our mouths: "But after all, I hope that nobody who hears me will quite agree. There is something enervating in conscious care. . . . Consciously selective conduct is elementary and inferior. Would it, then, be too much of an Irish bull to say that in acquiring English we need to cultivate spontaneity?" With the best will in the world, I can't help calling this combination beyond the powers of most of us. Professor Palmer advises us to do the impossible, calls the impossible the very difficult, seems to think that if the difficulty be admitted the impossibility will vanish. But the price of effort has always to be paid. Even the effort to remove the traces of effort leaves here and there its mark.

P. L.

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The Unruly Coal Industry

The Four Hour Day in Coal, by Hugh Archbald. Published for the Bureau of Industrial Research. New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. $1.50.

THE American "coal industry" exists, develops, survives periodic crises, and supplies the country with an essential commodity in defiance of the rules laid down for the behavior of industries. A description of it is a record of contradictions. The operator sells his coal for far more than "the necessary expense of production;" yet he barely manages to remain solvent. The miner receives a tonnage rate which is extravagant; yet he lacks a chance of becoming affluent. The capital charge per unit of product is unbelievably large; yet the industry is poorly supplied with equipment. The inefficient concerns, instead of leaving survival to the fit, persist in living and in dragging the efficient down to their level. And, even more surprising, high prices, which we have always been taught possess the dogged virtue of arresting buying and conserving natural resources, have caused new mines to be exploited with high abandon.

Such inconsistencies cannot be resolved by the highly personalized explanations which at every recurrent coal "crisis" are on everyone's lips. It may be true that coal operators are more stupid, less fully informed, less considerate of the public, more prone to bad faith, and more exacting of their employees than other lords of industry. It may be that coal miners are lazier, more irregular in their habits, more prone to fault finding, less subject to the lure of gain, and more dulled to social responsibility than other workers. But, if so, the angelic or Simian stuff of which they are made has worked out peculiarly in the finished product and this calls for more basic explanation.

Accordingly one turns with interest to Mr. Archbald's attempt to get to the basic facts in "the coal problem." Its value lies in its success in finding the crux of the problem in the arrangements which constitute the organization (or malorganization, if you prefer) of the coal industry. A recognition of the importance of organization enables him to escape a discussion of the cosmic problem of industrial relations with illustrations drawn from coal, and to confine his attention to the question of the backwardness of coal production in comparison with other modern industries. He resolves the larger problem into that of the organization of the individual mine and that of the aggregation of mines into a coal industry. The first of these problems is clearly one of engineering; the second, of economics. Each requires brief formulation.

To his discussion of the organization of the individual mine Mr. Archbald brings an extended and varied experience as an engineer. Coal has furthered industrial development as has no other commodity; yet coal-getting remains a craft little affected by modern organization and machine-technique. The ever-increasing size of the mine and "the room and pillar" system of mining cause miners to work scattered far and wide, almost in isolation. Engineers are rarely employed to make initial "lay-outs" for the development of the mine; yet the earlier work is an asset or a liability in the later extraction of coal. The foreman, badly equipped and underpaid, has the double duty of planning and of supervising work. The distance to be traversed daily makes it impossible for him to know what is going on. His irregular itinerary makes it impossible for a miner to find him when he needs him. The miner's work is dependent upon a regular supply of cars; yet the transportation system runs on no schedule, it just runs—intermittently. These conditions are responsible for the glaring fact that the average workday of the average miner is of less than four hours. It is small wonder that he quits the mine when he sees no prospect of cars, becomes master of his own comings and goings, and acquires most irregular habits.

The author's discussion of the organization of establishments within the industry is much less rich in incident, but it is of even greater importance. Roughly the coal industry is organized upon the theory that all who own coal lands shall be free to exploit them; that "competition" will eliminate slothful and inefficient operators; that the rivalry of employers for laborers will hold wages up; and that the mythical forces called "supply" and "demand" will guarantee to the public reasonable prices. In fact soft-coal lands are scattered broadcast over the map; their ownership meets only too well the democratic dictum of wide distribution in small holdings; the capital and labor necessary to their exploitation is easy to get; and by law the railroads are forced to allocate cars to all amateur ventures in coal mining. The result has been that so many have gone into the industry that the country's "capacity" for coal production is far in excess of even "the peak load" which the consumers demand. New amateurs try the venture faster than "industrial forces" dispose of old ones. The outcome is a disorganization of the production and sale of coal.

The results that follow in the wake of the failure of those in the industry to solve their engineering and economic problems require no detailed presentation. The incidence of the cost falls alike upon the operator, the miner, and the public. Except at "the peak" of the business cycle the operator makes small profits; occasionally he has to sell at a loss. His precarious financial position makes him timid and conservative, unable and unwilling to experiment, and prone to make ends meet by imposing costs upon his laborers. The miner, despite extravagant pay for time actually at work, makes a very meager and a very insecure living. The idleness of parts of days is to be added to that of days and of weeks. He has constantly to bear the costs of "unemployment within employment." The public suffers in paying an excessive price for an essential commodity. A very large "overhead" is involved in maintaining a much larger force of men than the industry requires, in keeping them only intermittently employed, in maintaining equipment meagerly used, in small-scale operations in mines increasing in periphery. Such costs are greater than other industries demand and greater than the community can afford. The standard of living is still far too low for society to spend its limited human and material resources so prodigally in the production of a single commodity.

It is to the credit of Mr. Archbald's exposition that he finds necessary no exposition of "a solution" of "the coal problem." Ideally that problem can easily be stated. It is to supply the community with coal at a minimum of cost in human and material resources. Its solution would be evident alike in lower prices to consumers and in a higher standard of living for miners. Immediately the problem is the far simpler one of bringing the coal industry up to standards of efficiency and economy set by other industries. If the operators and miners were to bring to bear upon this problem a tithe of the energy and ingenuity they waste in industrial strife, it might be speedily solved, to be replaced by the ideal problem. If they do not, the public should intervene. If an economical production of coal can be secured under the prevailing form of "private enterprise" under which the industry is organized, it should be

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retained. If not, some form of organization should be found under which the industry can be efficient. Whether this shall be monopoly, nationalization, or workers' control, remains an open question. The community should pay for its coal "the necessary expenses of production." It should value technique and organization too highly to pay for obsolescence, inefficiency, and prodigal waste.

WALTON H. HAMILTON.

Harriman: A Type of Yesterday

E. H. Harriman; a Biography by George Kennan. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

IT may be that the present generation is quietly training up men who will tower above their fellows in the business of life of the mid-century as did the great generals of finance and industry of yesterday: the Jay Goulds, Rockefellers, Carnegies, the Morgans, Hills and Harrimans. But it is more probable that the generals are gone with their militant time. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century America was surmounting the crest between promise and fulfilment. Immense productive resources were emerging and the scattered pools of financial power were flowing together into vast reservoirs of apparently fathomless depth. The pioneering tradition of self-reliance and of the unquestionable worth of economic progress and of fortune building held over from the more difficult environment of the early nineteenth century. Political interference with the assumed right of each man to do as he willed with his own was bungling and half-hearted. Any first-rate intellect could outwit the government. And outwitting the government could be done with a perfectly good conscience. What was there that was sacrosanct about flimsy obstructions erected by politicians? Most Americans in the sunny nineties cherished a secret admiration for the business captain who, in default of a franchise, proceeded with a public work in spite of injunctions. "Keep those drills going, boys. I'm looking after the political end."

Such were the conditions in which Harriman rose from pad shover on Wall Street to broker's clerk, from clerk to independent broker, from a skilful dealer in stocks and shrewd speculator to the most powerful and capable railway builder of our time. George Kennan has told interestingly and competently the story of Harriman's work. He has exceptional qualifications for the task because he is himself a product of the period, holding strictly to its point of view, unshakable in his conviction that the ideals of the period are eternal, its values unassailable.

As a boy, Harriman was brisk and courageous. As a rising young man, he was joyous and a bit boisterous out of business hours, fond of companionship and sports, disposed to do another man or boy a good turn, if the chance came his way, without any philanthropic airs about it. One of his most characteristic enterprises was the founding of the Boys' Club. This was not just a case of a man exercising public spirit on the sure foundation of a substantial fortune: Harriman was twenty-eight and had his successes still to win. Neither was there anything patronizing about it. The slum boys who persecuted the girls in a school conducted by one of his friends, ragged little rascals of alien parentage, did not seem to him scum of the earth or souls likely to be lost, but just boys, naturally out for such amusement as they could find, worth making an understanding with and diverting to more interesting and useful activities. He gave as much time and thought to the work as he would have given to an important business venture, and kept up his interest in the club down to the time of his death. That Harriman was public spirited, as public spirit was conceived in his generation, the history of his connection with this club would sufficiently prove. But there are plenty of other proofs, in his rescuing the Orange Mountains from deforestation, in his fight against the Colorado River to save the Imperial Valley when the government, whose business it was, could contribute nothing but advice, and in numerous other incidents. And, indeed, there was an element of public spirit in all his railroad enterprises. Mr. Kennan insists, with apparent justice, that Harriman never touched a road without improving it and making it a better instrument of the communities it served. That was good business, as the rapid growth of Harriman's fortune testified. Harriman never claimed any other merit for his policy. But in view of the fortunes made in the same period through the wrecking of roads, it was rather dogmatic in Harriman to assert that good business invariably required heavier rails, easier gradients, the elimination of curves. The better sort of American business men of his day somehow felt apologetic about confessing to a sense of public spirit, or even to instincts of workmanship, preferring to have it appear that all their actions were sufficiently explained in terms of the pursuit of profit.

In his life as a Wall Street broker Harriman pursued profit, as frankly and wholeheartedly as one ever pursued any other prey. He wanted the independence and ease that money would give. But he seems not to have had desires or ambitions that were difficult to appease, until he began to find himself in control of physical properties requiring betterment. Then insatiate impulses grew upon him. He would make the Union Pacific the best equipped road in the world. He would win for it outlets to the West and Southwest, to the Gulf and to Chicago. He would extend it by steamship lines to the Orient; he would seek to gain control of the Manchurian and Trans-Siberian roads, and girdle the world with his transportation system. It was an audacious project, yet at one time he was within measurable distance of its complete realization. Japanese cooperation, the one essential link, was almost secured, but not quite. It is worth considering how profoundly the course of history after 1914 might have been affected if the Trans-Siberian railway had been transformed into a typical Harriman road, straight, heavily railed and well ballasted, with powerful locomotives and abundance of capacious cars. Russia could have been munitioned properly, and the eastern front might not have crumbled.

The greater project failed, but Harriman achieved enough for one man in the rebuilding of the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific and the Oregon Short Line, the Southern Pacific, and in exerting a powerful influence for improvement in the Illinois Central and even in the Chicago and Alton, which he was charged with looting. Millions of tons of freight are carried more cheaply as a result of Harriman's work. Millions of passengers travel with greater comfort and security.

A man with such projects as Harriman's was bound to prove ruthless at times. If he wanted a railway, he went out to get it, and he was not much troubled about the interests he brushed aside. He was a formidable fighter, but a fair one. There was nothing vindictive about him. He never carried a fight beyond the point where it was possible to negotiate a settlement on terms that gave him what he required without inflicting gratuitous injury on the losing party.

Until relatively late in his life Harriman was practically unknown to the public. Then he suddenly loomed up as a power in the railway world, envied by many and feared

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by some, but on the whole admired as one who had succeeded brilliantly. In the course of a political quarrel Roosevelt branded him with the epithet, malefactor of great wealth. Mr. Kennan proves, I think, that the cynical remarks reported to Roosevelt by Mr. J. S. Sherman, to the effect that "whenever he wanted legislation from a state he could buy it; that he could buy Congress, and that, if necessary, he could buy the judiciary," were mythical. Roosevelt had pretty fair evidence that they were mythical, but in the heat of the quarrel he was unable to take a judicial view. Harriman was not the kind of man to say that sort of thing, even if he thought it, which probably he did not. But war had been declared between Roosevelt and Harriman, and the public naturally followed Roosevelt. An enormous amount of capital was made out of the Chicago and Alton deal, in which Harriman and his associates cut a melon, watered stock and conducted themselves otherwise in a fashion everybody considers improper nowadays, but which nobody considered particularly improper at the time when it was done. George Kennan wastes much white paper in trying to show that the Chicago and Alton deal would be innocuous at any time. He wastes more paper in trying to prove that the regulation of railways is inherently an injurious policy. Whether Harriman's views on the proper relation of the railways to the state were sound or not is a minor question for biography. Whether Harriman acted squarely, according to his lights, is a major question, which Kennan answers pretty conclusively in the affirmative.

Since Strachey set a new standard of biographical excellence, readers have come to require of a voluminous Life a real insight into character, motives of action, philosophy of life. This requirement is not met by Mr. Kennan. Harriman's actions are faithfully recorded, and his guiding moral principles are made sufficiently clear. But he remains an official figure. One closes the book with a rather wistful picture of this eminently successful man, seated under a tree at Arden looking out over the hills and valleys, thinking by the hour—of what? Railways, the progress of communities, the future of America and the world, no doubt. Of fate, and the meaning of life and death, of man's place in the universe and in the endless flow of the centuries? Officially he left all that to the church; but did he really? George Kennan does not know, or if he does, he does not tell.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Mount Everest

Mount Everest–The Reconnaissance, 1921, by Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury, George H. Leigh-Mallory and other members of the expedition. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

AN old Tibetan Lama described Mount Everest as "the mountain visible from all directions, and where a bird becomes blind if it flies so high." To men, who gladly risk going blind if they may fly higher than other men have ever flown before, the attraction of this lonely undefeated peak is irresistible. We needs must climb the highest when we see it. All history, the line of Marco Polo, of Cortez, of Columbus, seems to have made it inevitable that every untrodden corner of the world should some day feel a human foot. The North Pole has been conquered; shall Everest be conquered too?

Until last year Mount Everest was veiled in mystery. No European had ever been within fifty miles of it. Until a few years ago people did not know which was the highest mountain in the world; they thought Gaurisankar and Everest were one and the same, though Gaurisankar is actually some thirty-seven miles away and not so high by more than a mile. Hidden by intervening peaks and glaciers, only the summit was visible. What impossible obstacles were hidden there, what giant cliffs to baffle climbers at last even if their lungs should serve them in the thin air of the highest mile in the world?

Last year's expedition, described in this book, was a reconnaissance to settle this double question. It is, if only because of the subject and the photographs of those gigantic heaps of rock and snow, an exciting and a fascinating book. Yet one had hoped for something better, for something as distinguished as Douglas Freshfield's Round Kangchenjunga, something a little less matter of fact, less packed with not very necessary incident. One misses the photographs of a Sella. Colonel Bury's account of the expedition's long detour through Sikkim and the high valleys of Tibet is too much of a diary; he does not stop often enough to look about; the worries of leading such an adventure have kept his mind on its details, far too many of which he recalls.

In spite of such diffuseness, as one reads along it is delightful, and easy with the help of the photographs, to build up the picture of Tibetan highlands. A country of wide naked valleys, standing bare and open to skies and stars that seem pitilessly near; a dry land full of the treeless ribs of the earth. Over it a great wind never ceases to blow. Across clear black little lakes are seen, infinitely far away, crystal sculptured mountains. A wild severe upland, yet somehow hospitable, for most of the beasts there are tame and approachable, since Tibetans are forbidden by their religions to kill them. The Tibetans themselves were found to be unexpectedly friendly and curious, eager to be photographed, glad to help, to exchange gifts, if sometimes greedy and thievish and always dirty. Their nunneries and monasteries, clusters of low, flat, sullen houses, broad at the base, with small windows, here and there seem to cling to impossible rocks like some architectural lichen. I have seen few finer photographs than that of Shekar Dzong, that stern steep hill, perfectly shaped, on whose top and along whose ridges straggle white huddling houses and towers in more picture-like order than if any artist's eye had placed them there.

Mr. Mallory, who describes the attack against Everest itself, is fortunately as good a writer as he is a mountaineer. With skill and clarity, varied all too rarely with brief bits of finely imaginative prose, he tells of the difficulties and disappointments, the terrors and beauties of those painful approaches up broken glaciers—"a fairy world of spires"—in search of the weak spot in Everest's armor. For days its summit, thirty or forty miles away, haunted them unseen from behind great ranges, or briefly appeared through the clouds, "a prodigious white fang excrescent from the jaw of the world." "We caught the gleam of snow behind the grey mists. A whole group of mountains began to appear in gigantic fragments. Mountain shapes are often fantastic seen through a mist; these were like the wildest creation of a dream. A preposterous triangular lump rose out of the depths; its edge came leaping up at an angle of about 70 degrees and ended nowhere. To the left a black serrated crest was hanging in the sky incredibly. Gradually, very gradually, we saw the great

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Is This a Boycott?

And is book reviewing a public service or a private vendetta?

AN open letter to the Literary Editors of the New York "Times," "Tribune," "Herald," the Chicago "Tribune," "Evening Post," "Daily News," the Boston "Evening Transcript," the Baltimore "Sun," the Louisville "Times," the Kansas City "Times," the Los Angeles "Times," the San Francisco "Chronicle," the Seattle "Times" — Gentlemen:

There is an old story of a Kentuckian who knocked another down. "Did he call you a liar?" asked some one. 'No, sah, he proved it." Two years ago the writer of this letter committed the offense of proving that American journalism serves private instead of public interests. He proved it concerning the news and editorial columns of the American daily press. He now asks: Do those who conduct its literary departments desire to enter a plea of guilty to the same charge?

Last fall we published a work called "The Book of Life: Mind and Body." The book did not deal with any "radical" subject. It was a quiet and friendly exposition of the laws of sanity and wisdom in thought, and of health in body; a book of practical counsel, seeking to tell people what they need to know in order to live wisely in the modern world. So far as we could learn, there was no book in existence covering quite the same field. We purposely published it, for a test, through one of the most respected American publishing houses, the Macmillan Company. The book was advertised, and review copies duly sent to the leading newspapers: and with what result? Two papers reviewed it favorably, and two reviewed it unfavorably; this is the total—out of some five hundred papers which regularly give space to book reviews!

We might take this extraordinary phenomenon as a compliment to the effectiveness of "The Brass Check" as a controversial agent. But we are more concerned about the question of standards of fair-play in book reviewing. We ask—and we think the general public will be interested in the answer: Is book reviewing a public service, or is it a special privilege? Is the function of a literary editor to tell the public what is new and worth while in letters, or is it to punish men who dare to lift their voices against the rule of finance capital in our country? Concerning "The Book of Life," H. G. Wells wrote to the author: "Why do you always think of things first?" Georg Brandes, dean of European critics, sent a message to express the "pleasure and profit" he had derived from the book. These are two of a score of European opinions which might be quoted; for, as it happens, the man whom the American press has chosen for boycott has been chosen by both the critics and the readers of every cultured foreign country of the world to be the best known of living American writers. "The Book of Life," which you ignore, is appearing serially in "La Rassegna Internationale," (Rome and Geneva) and "Cahiers Internationaux" (Paris). It is being published in book form in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. Do you really think that this has no significance in American letters, and no interest to the American public?

We are happy to afford you an opportunity to reconsider your decision upon this book. We have now completed the second volume, which contains "The Book of Love" and "The Book of Society." The former is a discussion of the art of health and happiness in sex: a frank and friendly, wholly modern and practical study of love and marriage, birth control, chastity, monogamy, jealousy, divorce. Floyd Dell wrote: "I envy you the courage of exposing in print your views on the subject of love; I should not dare to do so, myself." Reading the manuscript, he excepted to two chapters, which he insisted had been written by Billy Sunday! "The rest of the book makes me happy. We need sanity in sex. The book attacks the personal problem very vigorously and helpfully." Albert Rhys Williams writes: 'I marvel at your range of reading and your tremendous power in coordinating all the facts into a fascinating scientific discussion. I not only read it myself, but had it read aloud to a number of others. They regarded it as a very masterful treatise."

As for "The Book of Society," it discusses the modern man in relation to his fellows, his rights and his duties, the process of social evolution, the stage which the world has now reached, and that into which it is moving. It explains modern industrial problems, and is a guide book to the new era. Many people ask: "Just what do you radicals want, and how do you expect to get it?" Here is the answer.

We have taken over volume one of "The Book of Life" from the Macmillan Company, and are publishing the two volumes complete in one, at a lower price than that formerly charged for the single volume. If we emphasize this aspect of price, it is because we live in a world in which even beautiful thought is sold for profit, and there are people who, when you offer them a book, imagine you are trying to make a dollar out of them! So we record the fact that during the past four years we have sold over three hundred thousand of our books, and have yet to "make a dollar."

We are sending you a copy of "The Book of Life" in its complete form, and we respectfully offer you the opportunity to review it. If you do not review it, we ask you to state why not, and we shall be pleased to give publicity to your replies. We feel it only fair to point out that if you ignore this communication, the average disinterested person will conclude that you are subjecting literary criticism to the prejudices of political controversy and of economic interest. We shall wait two months for your answer, and advertise the results in this place.

Respectfully,

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California.

(*"The Book of Life, Volume One, Mind and Body, and Volume Two, Love and Society."* 430 *pages, price* $1.50 *cloth, postpaid;* $1.00 *paper, postpaid. Other books by Upton Sinclair: "The Brass Check," "The Profits of Religion," "The Jungle," "King Coal," "100%": all* $1.20 *cloth, postpaid;* 60c *paper, postpaid. "The Cry of Justice," an Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest,* 891 *pages,* 32 *illustrations,* $1.50 *cloth, postpaid;* $1.00 *paper, postpaid. Order from the author. Wholesale agents, The Paine Book Company, Chicago, Ill.*)

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mountainside and glaciers and arêtes, now one fragment and now another through the floating rifts, until far higher in the sky than imagination had dared to suggest the white summit of Everest appeared." Is there any keener or more terrible joy than such a revelation can give?

At last, after two months of stalking the mountain to its lair, reconnoitring its approaches from wind-shaken camps at 20,000 feet where the air was so rare that the explorers slept poorly, woke with headaches and found themselves struggling up with feelings of overwhelming weariness, a possible way up to the top was found. On every other side were steep arêtes, pitching off into gigantic cliffs, or long snow slopes of a hopeless angle. Only to the northwest was there a comparatively gentle arête beginning at a col of 23,000 feet, and ending in about 2½ miles in the summit—29,141 feet. This col was the highest point reached by the climbing party. They struggled up from it a short way, but a fearful wind which blew snow off the ridge in blizzards and the great labor of climbing at such a tremendous height forced them back.

It was not a retreat: the expedition accomplished its purpose, and learned much of what it hoped to. The attacking party this year will know that in itself Mount Everest is not impregnable. The great difficulty—it might for some years be an insuperable one—is that of breathing. Above 22,000 feet men, even if some training has accustomed them to the height, find it difficult to climb more than 150 feet an hour. Mr. Mallory found that it was necessary to learn to breathe all over again, one breath to every step, and that a difficult slope which broke this rhythm soon exhausted him. And as yet oxygen does not seem practicable on account of the weight of its containers. It is, however, possible by training at a great height for some weeks or months to acclimatize oneself. Whether or not, if one learns to climb fairly comfortably at 22,000 feet one can extend oneself to 29,000 will be shown by the second expedition—which has already left England.

Mount Everest commands our interest entirely because of its height. Like other "highest" mountains, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa for instance, it is, aside from a stern lumpy grandeur that goes with mere size, not handsome. A vaguely tent-shaped pile of rock, brushed over with snow, rambling and pitching away into many minor peaks and ridges, there is no one side of it that strikes you as particularly characteristic. Its neighbors are in themselves much more impressive, and some of them are extraordinarily beautiful. Where Everest is a system, angular and solid, Makalu is a fortress, towering and complicated and scooped into shapes of a savage grace. Pethang-tse, a little thing in the shadow of Everest, is by itself a solitary spike of melancholy beauty. There is every variety in the Himalaya, from mere frozen lumps like Cho-Uyo to the sparkling, slender furrowed delicacy of Siniolchum, than which, to my knowledge, no more beautiful mountain exists.

After seeing such miracles through the eyes of Mr. Mallory and the others of the expedition I am divided between a hope that an equally gallant crew will get to the top this year—sharing Mr. Freshfield's conviction that "every virgin peak must sooner or later meet with its conqueror"—and an anti-social, sentimental longing for some place on this earth which man can never reach, for all his noble greed and high courage.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Through the Torii

Through the Torii, by Yone Noguchi. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $3.50.

TO read Noguchi's book of essays is like listening too long to a peculiar, slightly alien set of chords which never quite achieve their resolution. We know that, in their own way, they *are* resolved; we can not realize or hear it. The idea of his "Japanese mind in love with irregularity" is cool, delightful; but still these little writings seem too slight, too slenderly connected, too little rounded, incomplete. They are complete, but their roundness is made of other kinds of curves than ours; it is a different kind of curve and of completion. An English critic has said that Noguchi's prose is not broken English but merely bent . . . "bent as a stick seems to be when you thrust it into clear water; there is an almost uncanny refraction." And it is the same with his thought, his associations, the development of his form, as with his English. We have no idea what shade of a direction he will take next. His goings about are as light, as unfollowable, as the either very important or very unimportant goings about of a butterfly, in air, over flowers. But who shall quarrel with the taste and the economy of butterflies?

Of the frail contradictions which pursue one through the thin double pages, that one is most persistent which has to do with absolute and essential beauty or quality as opposed to romantic, sentimental beauty colored by associations. He holds up the standard of the absolute, but does not follow it; there is a delicate complacency about his satisfaction with the illusions which tradition gives. In the Japanese plum-blossom essay he says, "The beauty that we gladly attach to the Japanese plum-blossom may not exist; it is, I dare say, only the stories or poems of long-dead people which are associated with them that make them look beautiful. . . . If there is an unmistakable beauty in the plum-blossom, it is in your own mind. Well, after all, where is beauty if not in your imagination?"

He writes of Japanese cities; of the Holy Houses of Sleep; of the decline of the Japanese taste of tongue which could savor the kind of water used in making tea; of English and Irish poets; of faith, ugliness, and other things. And he is haunted throughout by the differences of East and West—as we are also haunted, seeing his bent meaning only through the strangely distorting water of his English. Does the butterfly ever really touch, or does it only hover? We can only watch, fascinated. And our conclusion can be little other than his own, that "When we say that the East is the same as the West, we mean that the West is as different from the East as the East is from the West."

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

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